POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

BRITISH AMERICA

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Poems of Places.

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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

AMERICA

BRITISH AMERICA — DANISH AMERICA — MEXICO
CENTRAL AMERICA — SOUTH AMERICA
WEST INDIES

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BRITISH AMERICA.

INTRODUCTORY.

TO THE QUEEN.

WITNESS, too, the silent cry,
The prayer of many a race and creed and clime, —
Thunderless lightnings striking under sea
From sunset and sunrise of all thy realm,
And that true North, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us "keep you to yourselves;
So loyal is too costly! friends — your love
Is but a burthen: loose the bond, and go."
Is this the tone of empire? here the faith
That made us rulers? this, indeed, her voice
And meaning, whom the roar of Hougoumont
Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven?
What shock has fooled her since, that she should speak
So feebly? wealthier — wealthier — hour by hour!
The voice of Britain, or a sinking land,
Some third-rate isle half-lost among her seas?

Alfred Tennyson.

CANADA.

TO thee we come, — to thee, the latest left
And loveliest of our daughters, — Canada!
Now ours, and ours alone. The power of France
That held thee once is vanished all away;
And the fierce strifes are over, and the claims
Of angry nations balanced in the beam
Of Destiny, and ours is the award.
Long months the tide of battle ebbed and flowed
Upon the plains and in the pathless woods,
The midnight gloom still blossoming into fire,
The midnight silence broken by the crash
Of cannon or the Indian's savage cry.
Till the steep crags above the city walls
Our soldiers scaled, and in the dead of night
Heard the deep river murmuring far below,
And saw the watch-fires of the foe before,
Islanded in by death on either side.
But now upon the heights in loneliness
Stands a gray pillar, telling all the world
That here died Wolfe victorious, nothing more;
A hero's simple tribute, for the words
Ring like a trumpet down the vale of years,
And echo in the ages far away.
And thus we won the land, and year by year
The nations grew together into one;
While the charred ruins mouldered into dust,
And trampled corn forgot the soldier's heel;
And the sad memories of the bygone strife

Faded, as fades a foam-streak in the sea,
Or as a star-trail in the midnight sky.
And who but needs must love a land like this,
Where every passing hour hath its own charm,
And every season its own loveliness?
In winter the pure veil of feathery snow
Down floating from the sky in noiseless folds;
In spring the waking music of the air,
And the world wavering through a mist of green;
Then in the heat of summer the full leaves
And the deep coolness of the woodland dell;
And last the forest all ablaze with pomp
And glory of all hues, till cold winds come
And strew the gold about the autumn fields.
Here as we mount and leave the coast below,
Lake leads to lake, sea opens into sea,
Great waters hidden in the land and linked
Together in a sounding labyrinth,
One river chain still running through them all,
From Northern ice-crags spired and pinnacled,
With gable and gargoyle, arch and oriel,
And subtlest maze of frosted tracery,
Rock-based, rock-roofed, like some fantastic fane
Hewn by rough craftsmen in the days of old,
And buttressed firm against the Northern gales.
From that cold clime they stretch into the south
By plain and forest under kindlier skies.
There rise the masses of the gloomy pines,
Marshalled together to a solid front
Against the fury of all winds that blow.
League after league the stately line goes on,

With now and then a hollow overhead
Through which the light steals trembling; now and then
Some sound amid the solitude, — the crash
Of falling branch or cry of frightened bird, —
Westwards and westwards ever till the day
Breaks dim before us, and we stand at last
Upon the prairie rippled by the breeze
To waves and breaking in a foam of flowers:
Vast hazy reaches, sloping far away
To western mountains, where a thousand peaks
Flush to the crimson of the dawn's first beam,
Or sparkle silver splendors to the moon,
There rolls the great St. Lawrence to the sea,
Sweeping by rapids and by cataract
Whose thunder never hushes, and the gleam
Of falling waters lightens night and day;
By islands thickly sown as stars in heaven,
Lying like lilies on the river bed,
With clear-cut petals lifted from the wave,
A cluster of unnumbered loveliness.
There do they dwell and labor; there the axe
Wakes with the warbling lark, and cheerily rings
The livelong day, while the pines shake and fall
And float into the stream to make their way
By lake and river to the distant sea.
And there they plough the plain and sow their seed
Till the swift seasons make them rich return,
While the wide acres glow with golden grain
To feed the multitudes of other lands.
Thrice happy souls! to whom the passing years

Bring little sorrow and light clouds of ill.
Far from the troublous tumult of the storm,
Far from the suffering nations ye abide,
Tearless and passionless, and there in peace
Watch the long days go down into their grave,
And catch the dying whisper of the world.

Alfred William Winterslow Dale.

ACA NADA.

LONG ago a band of travellers
Left behind the coast of Spain,
Turned their faces to the westward,
Sailed across the storm-tossed main,
Crossed the black Atlantic waters,
Landed on a rock-bound shore,
Moored their argosies and left them,
That the land they might explore.
Sadly turned they homeward, murmuring,
"*Aca Nada!*" nothing here.

Nothing here! my Canada?
Nay, but we have wiser grown;
Stretching vast from dawn to sunset,
With a grandeur all thine own!
Rugged mountains, where the eagle
Wheels in widening circles slow;
Mighty hills whose peakèd summits,
Covered with eternal snow,
Stand like angel sentinels guarding
Far and wide the land below!

Trackless forests, dark and lonely,
Where man's foot hath never trod;
Howls the wolf, and screams the panther,
Face to face with Nature's God!
Here the haughty stag, advancing,
Kingly power undaunted sways;
Here the timid hare bounds fearless
Through the brushwood underways;
In his native marsh the heron
Seeks the waters of his love,
While in geometric figure
Sails the wild duck far above.
Company of man disturbs not,
All in careless freedom rove!

Lakes and streamlets ever changing,
Yet in beauty changeless still
As when Chaos and Old Night
Bent obedient to His will!
Stately rivers, onward rolling
Ever to the restless sea,
On their azure bosoms heaving,
White-winged barques ride daintily,
Laden low with grain so golden,
Ceres laughs in happy glee.

Where of yore, by tideless waters,
Pines their solemn shadows threw,
Curls the graceful smoke from homesteads,
Men their thrifty lives pursue.
Where in bygone years the forest
Shuddered with the tempest's roar,

Spreads now many a stately city;
Solitude returns no more!
Happy country! happy people!
Peace prevails from shore to shore.
* * *

Kay Livingstone.

SONG FOR CANADA.

SONS of the race whose sires
Aroused the martial flame
That filled with smiles
The triune Isles,
Through all their heights of fame!
With hearts as brave as theirs,
With hopes as strong and high,
We 'll ne'er disgrace
The honored race
Whose deeds can never die.

Our lakes are deep and wide,
Our fields and forests broad;
With cheerful air
We 'll speed the share,
And break the fruitful sod;
Till blest with rural peace,
Proud of our rustic toil,
On hill and plain
True kings we 'll reign,
The victors of the soil.

Health smiles with rosy face
Amid our sunny dales,
And torrents strong
Fling hymn and song
Through all the mossy vales;
Our sons are living men,
Our daughters fond and fair;
A thousand isles,
Where Plenty smiles,
Make glad the brow of Care.

And if in future years
One wretch should turn and fly,
Let weeping Fame
Blot out his name
From Freedom's hallowed sky;
Or should our sons e'er prove
A coward, traitor race, —
Just Heaven! frown
In thunder down,
T' avenge the foul disgrace!

Charles Sangster.

CANADA.

LAND of mighty lake and forest!
Where the winter's locks are hoarest;
Where the summer's leaf is greenest,
And the winter's bite the keenest;
Where the autumn's leaf is searest,
And her parting smile the dearest;

Where the tempest rushes forth
From his caverns in the north,
With the lightnings of his wrath
Sweeping forests from his path;
Where the cataract stupendous
Lifteth up his voice tremendous;
Where uncultivated Nature
Rears her pines of giant stature, —
Sows her jagged hemlocks o'er,
Thick as bristles on the boar, —
Plants the stately elm and oak
Firmly in the iron rock;
Where the crane her course is steering,
And the eagle is careering;
Where the gentle deer are bounding,
And the woodman's axe resounding, —
Land of mighty lake and river,
To our hearts thou 'rt dear forever!

Alexander McLachlan.

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

LISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the songs of other shores:
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as you pull your oars:
Fair these broad meads, — these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.

From the lone shieling of the misty Island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas;

Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides:
Fair these broad meads,—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam:
Fair these broad meads,—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,
No seer foretold the children would be banished,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep:
Fair these broad meads,—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.

Come, foreign rage, let discord burst in slaughter!
O then for clansmen true, and stern claymore!
The hearts that would have given their blood like water
Beat heavily, beyond the Atlantic roar:
Fair these broad meads,—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.

From the Gaelic.

THE CANADIAN SPRING.

'TWAS May! the Spring with magic bloom
Leaped up from Winter's frozen tomb.
Day lit the river's icy mail;
The bland warm rain at evening sank;
Ice fragments dashed in midnight's gale;
The moose at morn the ripples drank.
The yacht, that stood with naked mast
In the locked shallows motionless
When sunset fell, went curtsying past
As breathed the morning's light caress.
The woodman, in the forest deep,
At sunrise heard with gladdening thrill,
Where yester-eve was gloomy sleep,
The brown rossignol's carol shrill;
Where yester-eve the snowbank spread
The hemlock's twisted roots between,
He saw the coltsfoot's golden head
Rising from mosses plump and green;
Whilst all around were budding trees,
And mellow sweetness filled the breeze.
A few days passed along, and brought
More changes as by magic wrought.
With plumes were tipped the beechen sprays;
The birch long dangling tassels showed;
The oak still bare, but in a blaze
Of gorgeous red the maple glowed;
With clusters of the purest white

Cherry and shadbush charmed the sight
  Like spots of snow the boughs among;
And showers of strawberry blossoms made
Rich carpets in each field and glade
  Where day its kindliest glances flung.
And air too hailed Spring's joyous sway;
  The bluebird warbled clear and sweet;
Then came the wren with carols gay,
  The 'customed roof and porch to greet;
The mockbird showed its varied skill;
At evening moaned the whippoorwill.
Type of the Spring from Winter's gloom!
  The butterfly new being found;
Whilst round the pink may-apple's bloom
  Gave myriad drinking bees their sound.
Great fleeting clouds the pigeons made;
When near her brood the hunter strayed
  With trailing limp the partridge stirred;
Whilst a quick feathered spangle shot,
Rapid as thought from spot to spot,
  Showing the fairy humming-bird.

Alfred Billings Street.

BRITISH AMERICA.

Annapolis (*Port Royal*), *N. S.*

PORT ROYAL.

FAIR is Port Royal river
In the Acadian land;
It flows through verdant meadows,
Widespread on either hand;
Through orchards and through cornfields
It gayly holds its way,
And past the ancient ramparts,
Long fallen to decay.

Peace reigns within the valley,
Peace on the mountain side,
In hamlet and in cottage,
And on Port Royal's tide;
In peace the ruddy farmer
Reaps from its fertile fields;
In peace the fisher gathers
The spoils its basin yields.

Yet this sweet vale has echoed
To many a warlike note;
The strife-compelling bugle,
The cannon's iron throat,
The wall-piece, and the musket
Have joined in chorus there,
To fill with horrid clangor
The balmy morning air.

And many a gallant war-fleet
Has, in the days gone by,
Lain in that noble basin,
And flouted in the sky
A flag with haughty challenge
To the now ruined hold,
Which reared its lofty ramparts
In warlike days of old.

And in the early springtime,
When farmers plough their fields,
Full many a warlike weapon
The peaceful furrow yields;
The balls of mighty cannon
Crop from the fruitful soil,
And many a rusted sword-blade,
Once red with martial toil.

Three hundred years save thirty
Have been and passed away
Since bold Champlain was wafted
To fair Port Royal Bay;

And there he built a fortress,
With palisadoes tall,
Well flanked by many a bastion,
To guard its outward wall.

Here was the germ of Empire,
The cradle of a state,
In future ages destined
To stand among the great;
Then hail to old Port Royal!
Although her ramparts fall,
Canadian towns shall greet her,
The mother of them all.

* * *

James Hannay.

Baffin's Bay.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

IN summer, eighteen fifty-eight,
A ship sailed out from Aberdeen;
A gilded pet for summer state
The little Fox had been.

But ringing hammers night and day
Her coat of iron mail did fix,
Before they sent the Fox away
With sailors twenty-six.

I call them sailors every one,
Since all were true in time of need;

A very little band to run
Great risk for doubtful meed.

True English hearts sent food and drink,
And everything the crew could store,
And every blessing heart could think
Pursued them from the shore.

And so, across the great salt deep,
From Aberdeen they steamed away;
And, doubling Greenland's ice-clogged steep,
Pushed up to Baffin's Bay.

But there the cruel ice grew thick,
And hemmed them in, and hemmed them round;
The little Fox she could not pick
Her way into the Sound,

Which opens westwards towards the Bay,
And leads to endless mysteries,
And kept for many a weary day
The secret of the seas.

So, being finally beset,
Her prow was wedged as in a vice;
And month by month was never wet
Amidst those leagues of ice.

For eight long months seemed motionless,
While game and tale the gloom beguiles;
Yet she, in darkness and distress,
Drifted a thousand miles!

All down the length of Baffin's Bay,
A southern drift the Fox did keep,
Till darkness melted quite away,
And she into the deep.

A solemn and an awful track
That silent passage seems to me,
From midnight and the Frozen Pack,
To sunshine and the sea!

And then the gallant little ship
Put joyfully into the shore,
And soon her slender paddles dip
In Northern seas once more.

This time the summer days were long,
The little Fox is very wise,
And soon she paddles, safe and strong,
Beneath the western skies.

Now Heaven direct her in her track,
And send some sure and guiding breeze,
Or she will never bring us back
The secret of the seas.

She struggles up the Northern route,
The Northern ice is hard and broad;
The little Fox must put about
And seek some other road.

But, though she struggles day and night,
She cannot reach the wished-for land;

The captain and his men alight
  Upon a frozen strand.

An awful thing it was to be
  Alone upon the icy plain,
Which broadens imperceptibly
  Into an icy main!

And then they sledged both east and north,
  And then they sledged both south and west,
Till the dread doubt which drove them forth
  At last was set at rest.

What did they find? A paper, scored
  With English writing, English names,
(How long by English hearts deplored!)
  Signed Crosier and Fitzjames!

Scant record of their hungry grief
  That blotted page supplied;
But one faint gleam of sad relief—
  The day when Franklin died.

At least he died within his cot,
  While kindly eyes were watching there;
We know no tribute was forgot,
  They buried him with prayer.

And thus the secret of the seas
  Was yielded to their quest,
The mystery of mysteries
  Was solved and set at rest.

Bessie Raynor Parkes.

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

OH, whither sail you, Sir John Franklin?
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
To know if between the land and the pole
I may find a broad sea-way.

I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:
Half England is wrong, if he be right;
Bear off to westward then.

Oh, whither sail you, brave Englishman?
Cried the little Esquimaux.
Between your land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go.

Come down, if you would journey there,
The little Indian said;
And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too:
A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new!

All through the long, long polar day,
The vessels westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled,

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar,
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled!
The crew laughed out in glee.

Sir John, Sir John, 't is bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze.

Bright summer goes, dark winter comes, —
We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we 'll steer.

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

The summer's gone, the winter's come, —
We sail not on yonder sea:

Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin? —
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes, —
We cannot rule the year:
I ween, we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we 'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more;
'T was ice around, behind, before —
My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The northern light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ship,
And shook its spars about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid,
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard, green ice as strong as death; —
I prithee, Captain, speak!

The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold,
The ice is not so strong as hope, —
The heart of man is bold!

What hope can scale this icy wall,
High over the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down, with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh.

The summer went, the winter came, —
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around;
But the hard, green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

Hark! heard you not the noise of guns? —
And there, and there, again?
'T is some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.

Hurra! hurra! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal, —
God give them grace for their charity! —
Ye pray for the silly seal.

Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass, and the waving grain.

Oh! when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary waits for me.
Oh! when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again.
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek;
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

Oh! think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We 'll ever see the land?
'T was cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

'T was cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:

I ween, the Lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come.

Oh! whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done, —
The truth is founded, the secret won, —
We passed the Northern Sea!

George Henry Boker.

Chaleur, the Bay, Canada.

IN CHALEUR BAY.

THE birds no more in dooryard trees are singing,
The purple swallows all have left the eaves,
And, thwart the sky, the broken clouds are winging,
Shading the land-slopes bright with harvest sheaves.
Old Hannah waits her sailor boy returning,
His fair young brow to-day she hopes to bless;
But sees the red sun on the hill-tops burning,
The flying cloud, the wild, cold gloominess
Of Chaleur Bay.

The silver crown has touched her forehead lightly
Since last his hand was laid upon her hair,
The golden crown will touch her brow more brightly
Ere he again shall print his kisses there.
The night comes on, the village sinks in slumber,
The rounded moon illumes the water's rim;

Each evening hour she hears the old clock number,
But brings the evening no return of him
To Chaleur Bay.

She heard low murmurs in the sandy reaches,
And knew the sea no longer was at rest,
The black clouds scudded o'er the level beaches,
And barred the moonlight on the ocean's breast.
The night wore on, and grew the shadows longer;
Far in the distance of the silvered seas,
Tides lapped the rocks, and blew the night-wind stronger,
Bending the pines and stripping bare the trees,
Round Chaleur Bay.

Then Alice came; on Hannah's breast reclining,
She heard the leaves swift whistling in the breeze,
And, through the lattice, saw the moon declining
In the deep shadows of the rainy seas.
The fire burned warm, — upon the hearth was sleeping
The faithful dog that used his steps to follow.
"'T is almost midnight," whispered Alice, weeping,
While blew the winds more drearily and hollow
O'er Chaleur Bay.

No organ stands beneath the bust of Pallas,
No painted Marius to the ruin clings,
No Ganymede, borne up from airy Hellas,
Looks through the darkness 'neath the eagles' wings.
But the sweet pictures from the shadowed ceiling
Reflect the firelight near old Hannah's chair, —
One a fair girl with features full of feeling,
And one a boy, a fisher, young and fair,
Of Chaleur Bay.

That boy returns with humble presents laden,
For on the morrow is his wedding morn;
To the old church he hopes to lead the maiden
Whose head now rests his mother's breast upon.
Now Hannah drops her cheek — the maiden presses —
"He will return when come the morning hours,
And he will greet thee with his fond caresses,
And thou shalt meet him diademed with flowers,"
Sweet Chaleur Bay!

Gray was the morning, but a light more tender
Parted at last the storm-clouds' lingering glooms,
The sun looked forth in mellowness and splendor,
Drying the leaves amid the gentian blooms,
And wrecks came drifting to the sandy reaches,
As inward rolled the tide with sullen roar;
The fishers wandered o'er the sea-washed beaches
And gathered fragments as they reached the shore
Of Chaleur Bay.

Then Alice, with the village maidens roaming
Upon the beaches where the breakers swirl,
Espied a fragment mid the waters foaming,
And found a casket, overlaid with pearl.
It was a treasure. "Happy he who claimed it,"
A maiden said; "'t is worthy of a bride."
Another maid "the ocean's dowry" named it,
But gentle Alice, weeping, turned aside —
Sad Chaleur Bay! —

And went to Hannah with the new-found treasure,
And stood again beside the old arm-chair;

The maids stood round her radiant with pleasure,
And playful wove the gentians in her hair.
Then Hannah said, her feelings ill dissembling,
"Some sailor lad this treasure once possessed;
And now, perhaps," she added, pale and trembling,
"His form lies sleeping 'neath the ocean's breast,
In Chaleur Bay."

Now on her knee the opened box she places, —
Her trembling hand falls helpless to her breast,
Into her face look up two pictured faces,
The faces that her sailor-boy loved best.
One picture bears the written words, "My Mother,"
Old Hannah drops her wrinkled cheek in pain;
"Alice" — sweet name — is writ beneath the other, —
Old Hannah's tears fall over it like rain —
Dark Chaleur Bay!

The spring will come, the purple swallow bringing,
The green leaves glitter where the gold leaves fell,
But nevermore the time of flowers and singing
Will hope revive in her poor heart to dwell.
Life ne'er had brought to her so dark a chalice,
But from her lips escaped no bitter groan;
They mid the gentians made the grave of Alice,
And Hannah lives in her old cot alone
On Chaleur Bay.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

Elora, Canada.

ELORA.

O LOVELY Elora! thy valley and stream
Still dwell in my heart like a beautiful dream;
And everything peaceful and gentle I see
Brings back to my bosom some image of thee.
I've roamed this Dominion allured by the beam
Of wild woodland beauty by valley and stream;
From lone Manitoulin all down to the sea;
But found not a spot, sweet Elora, like thee.

There's lone rocky grandeur away at the Sound,
And down the St. Lawrence wild beauties abound;
Quebec, towering proudly, looks down on the sea,
And lone Gananoque, there's beauty in thee;
And Barrie, the lady that sits by the lake,
Oh, would I could sing a sweet song for her sake!
But here in thy beauty a-listening the fall,
O lovely Elora! thou'rt queen of them all.

If friends should forsake me, or fortune depart,
Or love fly and leave a great void in my heart,
Oh, then in my sorrow away I would flee
And hide from misfortune, Elora, in thee.
Away from the world, with its falsehood and pride,
In yon lowly cot where the smooth waters glide,
I'd with Nature commune till death set me free,
And rest then forever, Elora, in thee.

Alexander McLachlan.

George's Bank.

ON GEORGE'S BANK.

TWO hundred miles to the south-southeast
On George's the billows foam like yeast.
O'er shallow banks, where on every side
Lies peril of billow, shoal, and tide.
There, riding like sea-gulls with wings at rest,
Cape Ann's swift schooners the sharp seas breast,
With their straining cables reaching down
Where the anchors clutch at the sea-sands brown.

There gather when shorten the wintry days
The fish of a thousand shallow bays.
There men of a score of races reap
Their dear-bought harvest, while billows sweep,
And drear fogs gather, and tempests blow
O'er the fatal sands which shift below
The ever-angry sea, which laves
A thousand wrecks and a myriad graves.

Yet merrily still they fish, nor reck
Of the piercing cold or the wave-swept deck;
And the warning fog-horn, the bell's sad tone,
Wakens no thought of knell or moan
In those sturdy fishermen, brave and free,
As they mournfully challenge the fog-veiled sea,
Though there scarce is one but has shed a tear
For comrade or friend who has perished there.
As the veteran leaps to the battle-torn rank,

As the frigate steams in where her consort sank,
So when maidens are weeping, and widows are pale,
New vessels are manned for those lost in the gale.
The orphan fears not the restless wave
Which gave him food, and his sire a grave;
And the soulless veteran soundly sleeps,
Rocked by the rough sea which sullenly sweeps
O'er the bones of comrade, brother, and son,
Whose long, hard, perilous task is done.

If the coveted water, by David outpoured
As an offering purchased with blood, to the Lord,
Was too rare for a king, truly precious must be
The coarse fare these wring from the pitiless sea.
Unnoted, the fishermen live and die
Mid the ravening waves, while the pitiless sky
Shuts out e'en man's pitying glance. As yet
No squadron in war's fiercest tempest has met
Such remediless loss, and such utter defeat
As the men who ship in the "George's Fleet."

C. W. Hall.

Grand Pré, N. S.

GRAND PRÉ.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henrys.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners:
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

GRAND PRÉ.

GRAND PRÉ! whose level meadows stretch away,
Far up the deep-cut dikes thy waves roll on,
Free, as a hundred years ago to-day,
They climb the slopes of rocky Blomidon.

These lonely poplars, reared by sons of toil,
Look out like exiles o'er a foreign sea,
Their haggard fronts grown gray on alien soil,
Far from the province of fair Lombardy.

Long-vanished forms come thronging up the strand;
I close my eyes to see the vision pass,
As one shuts out the daylight with his hand,
To view the pictures in a magic glass.

This is the little village famed of yore,
With meadows rich in flocks and plenteous grain,
Whose peasants knelt beside each vine-clad door,
As the sweet Angelus rose o'er the plain.

High-hearted, brave, of gentle Norman blood,
Their thrifty life a prospering fame did bring;

They held the reins o'er peaceful field and flood
Lords of their lands, and rivals of a king.

By kingly rule, an exile's lot they bore,
The poet's song reclaims their scattered fold;
Blown in melodious notes to every shore,
The story of their mournful fate is told.

And to their annals linked while time shall last,
Two lovers from a shadowy realm are seen,
A fair, immortal picture of the past,
The forms of Gabriel and Evangeline.

And hither shall that sweet remembrance bring
Full many a pilgrim as the years roll on,
While the lone bittern pauses on the wing,
Above the crest of rocky Blomidon.

Still over wave and meadow smiles the day,
The twilight deepens, and the time is brief,
I bid farewell to beautiful Grand Pré,
While yet on summer's heart bloom flower and leaf.

Sarah D. Clark.

Halifax, the Harbor, N. S.

D'ANVILLE'S FLEET.

'T WAS in the month October,
On an Indian summer day,
That a fleet of foreign war-ships
Sailed up Chebucto Bay, —

On the waters of the Basin,
Scarce heaving there they lay.

The ships seemed old and storm-beat,
Their canvas was in strips,
The rust of smoke and ocean spray
Hung on the cannons' lips,
And in the lull, the *fleur-de-lys*
Hung drooping o'er the ships.

There were but seventeen vessels,
As our traditions tell,
Of seventy sail that three months since
Sailed out of gay Rochelle,
Yet skilful were the captains,
And they sailed their vessels well.

But fogs uprose, with never a noon,
For clouds upclomb the heights,
And then would fall, as dark as pall,
The long Atlantic nights,
Save for the north-wind's harbinger,
The bright auroral lights.

Whereby from out the nor'west cloud
Would storm come on to blow,
And in the wrack tall mast would crack,
Till, shattered aloft and low,
The gallant hulls like wearied things
Lay rocking to and fro.

Four enemies had that struggling fleet, —
The tempest and the sea,

The English ships and the pestilence,
They might have withstood the three,
But the angel of death sailed with the ships,
And preyed there silently.

* * *

Brave men! but yet stout hearts grew faint,
For whispers dark and vague,
Of spectres such as legends tell
Beleaguered the walls of Prague,
Crept man to man, for men knew then
On board them was the plague!

At even-fire the bells were rung,
To cast to the deep their dead;
At morning gun death's rites begun, —
The sheet and the weight of lead;
And all day long the dying groan
Told another vacant bed.

The gunner who fired the sunrise gun,
With a comrade by his side,
Ere eight bells tolled the hour of noon,
Was drifting out on the tide;
And his comrade ere the day was done
Was ta'en with the plague and died.

And so from wearisome day to day
The pestilence walked the decks,
Till hands were so few that scarce a crew
Could man those floating specks,
And at length, when they lay in Chebucto Bay,
They were little but death and wrecks.

Of seventy sail of armèd ships
That were fitted out in June,
But seventeen sail made up the tale, —
With their Admiral sick, — that noon;
And there, the shattered hulks, they lay
In form of a half-moon.

Arrived at last, men glances cast
At the coast of rock and tree,
While thoughts of home came winging fast
From over the sorrowful sea,
And the little sailor-boy up on the mast,
Up on the mast sang he:

"My cousin spinning at her wheel,
My sister Nanette's tread,
As watches she so kind and leal
By my sick mother's bed, —
Ah! do they in their evening prayer
Pray God and Mary for me?
Oh, never again! Oh, never again!
My home in Picardie!"

Kneeling, the Admiral sadly prayed,
And sadly himself he crossed:
"My soul to God and my sword to the King,
And tell him that all is lost.
Oh, weary my life! Oh, weary my death!
Oh, weary and tempest-tost!"

Next morn the Admiral's barge of state
Was rowed adown the Bay,

And in it, wrapped in the flag of France,
The Admiral D'Anville lay,
And sad the boom of his funeral guns
Made the heart of the fleet that day.

Then cried the Seigneur d'Estournelle:
"Shall I command this host?
Shall I go back to gallant France
And say that all is lost?
No! weary my life! Oh, weary my death,
Oh, weary and tempest-tost!"

Again the Admiral's barge of state
Was rowed adown the Bay,
And in it, wrapped in the flag of France,
Sieur d'Estournelle he lay,
And sad the sound of his funeral guns
Made the heart of the fleet that day.

Then spoke the crews among themselves:
"Is this without remede?
Ho! Scotsman, Sieur de Ramsay,
St. André be thy speed!
Now that the Admiral's dead and gone,
You help us in our need!"

Up spake the Sieur de Ramsay:
"Make ready to advance!
This is the hand of God, my men,
And not the work of chance;
And by God's help and St. Denis,
I'll take this fleet to France!

"Ho! mates, there! beat to quarters, —
Tell off each man and gun, —
Fire wrecks! the rest make sailing-trim
Ere rising of the sun, —
Who is there fears to follow me?
Who? Men of France? Not one!"

All night the forges' sparkles flew,
All night rang hammers' clank,
All night the boat and swift canoe
Plied to and from the bank, —
When morning broke the shattered fleet
Was rearranged in rank.

With swelling hearts, yet steady front,
They turned them to the west;
The pine grove lay in its shadows gray
Above their comrades' rest.
And the wrecks, a fleet of fire they lay
Reddening the water's breast.

Last look all took of the burning ships
Lit up in fitful glow,
The tongues of flame they whistled and moaned
As the breeze came on to blow,
And the sigh of the trees o'er the buried dead
Sang requiem soft and low.

* * *

God sain thy soul, O Duc d'Anville!
D'Estournelle, Christ thee save!

May clement Heaven benignant be
To all ye Frenchmen brave,
Though naught now shows your resting-place,
No cairn to mark your grave,—

Naught save, in hollow of a hill,
A bed of lichened stones,
With scattered tufts of herbage sown,
And flecked with pine-tree cones
From stunted trees, whose prying roots
Grope among dead men's bones.

Yet, sometimes, some stray thinkers
Take boat, and downwards glance
Where, blue as Mediterranean,
"The Basin's" waters dance,
And see the ribs of d'Anville's fleet,
The Armada of fair France.

Hunter Duvar.

Huron, the Lake.

LAKE HURON.

WE cannot boast of high green hills,
Of proud, bold cliffs, where eagles gather,—
Of moorland glen and mountain rills,
That echo to the red-belled heather.
We cannot boast of mouldering towers,
Where ivy clasps the hoary turret,—

Of chivalry in ladies' bowers, —
Of warlike fame, and knights who won it, —
But had we minstrel's harp to wake,
We well might boast our own broad lake!

And we have streams that run as clear,
O'er shelvy rocks and pebbles rushing,
And meads as green, and nymphs as dear,
In rosy beauty sweetly blushing;
And we have trees as tall as towers,
And older than the feudal mansion,
And banks besprent with gorgeous flowers,
And glens and woods with fireflies glancing, —
But prouder, loftier boast we make,
The beauties of our own broad lake.

The lochs and lakes of other lands,
Like gems, may grace a landscape painting,
Or where the lordly castle stands,
May lend a charm when charms are wanting;
But ours is deep and broad and wide,
With steamships through its waves careering,
And far upon its ample tide
The bark its devious course is steering;
While hoarse and loud the billows break
On islands of our own broad lake!

Immense bright lake! I trace in thee
An emblem of the mighty ocean,
And in thy restless waves I see
Nature's eternal law of motion;
And fancy sees the Huron Chief

Of the dim past kneel to implore thee, —
With Indian awe he seeks relief
In pouring homage out before thee;
And I, too, feel my reverence wake,
As gazing on our own broad lake!

* * *

Thomas McQueen.

Labrador.

OFF LABRADOR.

THE storm-wind moans through branches bare;
The snow flies wildly through the air;
The mad waves roar, as fierce and high
They toss their crests against the sky.

Dark and desolate lies the sand
Along the wastes of a barren land;
And rushing on, with sheets flung free,
A ship sails down from the northern sea.

With lips pressed hard the helmsman stands,
Grasping the spokes with freezing hands,
While white the reef lies in his path,
Swept by an ocean full of wrath.

The surf-roar in the blast is lost;
The foam-flakes by the wild wind tost
High up in air, no warning show,
Hid by the driving mass of snow.

With sudden bound and sullen grate,
The brave ship rushes to her fate,
And splintered deck and broken mast
Make homage to the roaring blast.

Amid the waves float riven plank,
And rope and sail with moisture dank;
And faces gleaming stern and white
Shine dimly in the storm-filled night.

By some bright river far away,
Fond hearts are wondering where they stay
Who sleep along the wave-washed shore
And stormy reefs of Labrador.

Thomas S. Collier.

THE SPIRIT GUIDE.

FAR in the realm of Arctic night,
Where flames the weird auroral light,
And icebergs loom on every hand,
Enchanters of that lonely land,
The patient, dark-skinned Esquimaux
A little grave shapes in the snow.

And o'er the ice-plain, bleak and wild,
The mourning mother bears her child,
In furry garments softly rolled,
Who ne'er again shall feel the cold,
And lays him on the icy breast
To take his last and final rest.

And there beside the little mound
The father slays his fleetest hound,
A creature of unerring skill,
Of keenest scent and docile will,
To trace far haunts of seal and bear
That stock the little ice-hut there.

He lays the faithful beast and brave
Low down beside his baby's grave,
And says: "The little one will stray,
Through night and darkness far away;
His tender feet have never trod,
And cannot find the path to God.

"Now guide him safe from night and cold
Far out to realms of purest gold,
Where flowery meads and crystal streams
Are smiling in the sun's glad beams,
Where rise abodes of joy and mirth
And feasting fills the happy earth."

Consoled the parents homeward wend,
And leave their baby to the friend
Who for protection and defence
Has proved a gentle Providence;
Sure that the dog so true and wise
Will find the gates of Paradise.

O love that would outrun the tomb
And light your darlings through the gloom!
O simple faith that deems love's care
Can be a joy and solace there;
Ye cling to each untutored soul,
And bind the tropics to the pole!

Augusta Larned.

Montmorency, the River, Canada.

THE MONTMORENCY WATERFALL AND CONE.

WE do not ask for the leaves and flowers
That laugh as they look on the summer hours;
Let the violets shrink and sigh,
Let the red rose pine and die:
The sledge is yoked, away we go,
Amid the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

Lo! the pine is singing its murmuring song
Over our heads as we pass along;
And every bough with pearl is hung
Whiter than those that from ocean sprung.
The sledge is yoked, away we go,
Amid the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

The ice is bright with a thousand dyes
Like the changeful light in a beauty's eyes.
Now it neareth her blush, and now
It weareth the white of her marble brow.
The sledge is yoked, and away we go,
Beneath the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

We are wrapped with ermine and sable round,
By the Indian in trackless forests found;
The sunbeams over the white world shine,
And we carry with us the purple wine.
The sledge is yoked, and away we go,
Beneath the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Montreal, Canada.

MOUNT ROYAL.

MOUNT ROYAL rises proudly up the blue,
A royal mount indeed, with verdure crowned,
Adorned with regal dwellings not a few,
Sparkling like gems set in the mighty mound.
St. Helen's, too, that seems enchanted ground;
A stately isle in gleaming guise bedight;
In the fond river's saintly arms enwound,
Blushing, and graceful as some witching sprite;
Fair contrast to the gloom of Hochelaga's height.

* * *

With what an undissembled pride of mien
Jacques Cartier stood upon yon mountain's brow!
Beneath him, the deep wilderness of green,
Where the vast city gleams and sparkles now;
Around him lordly tree and gnarly bough
Rose in primeval grandeur; leagues away,
The rolling hills untouched by axe or plough;
The glowing river; lakes and islands gay:
Another Mirza's dream of some remoter day.

The Huron then was master of the soil;
The broad champaign was his, both near and far;
But scanty need had he to slave and toil,
The chase sufficed him as a rest from war.

He little knew that his eventful star
Of empire flickered like a dying flame,
Too soon, alas! to set amid the jar
Of rival nations, — one at least in aim:
But Cartier's dream was France, her glory and her fame.

The smoke that o'er the misty tree-tops curled
Showed where the Hochelagan wigwams, rude,
And few in number, made the Hurons' world,
Surrounded by the awful solitude.
Rapt in deep thought, with folded arms he stood,
The daring navigator! Did he see
Aught of the future mirrored in his mood?
The tricolor, his cherished fleur-de-lys,
Replaced by Britain's flag? No! this could never be!

His only dream was France. The new world seemed
Created for her glory. Long years thence,
Could he have known how humanly he dreamed,
How little of the seer's prophetic sense
Was his, how much of human impotence!
O Britain! should thine island reign be o'er,
Shouldst thou be hurled from thy proud eminence,
Be this in mercy the predestined shore
To keep thy name and fame alive forevermore.

Charles Sangster.

Newfoundland, the Island.

PRIMA VISTA.

"LAND! land!" how welcome is the word
To all, — or landsmen bred or seamen!
Deep in their lairs the sick are stirred, —
The decks are thronged with smiling women.
The face that had gone down in tears
Ten days since in the British Channel,
Now, like Aurora, reappears, —
Aurora wrapped in furs and flannel.

"Where?" "Yonder, on the right, dost see
A firm dark line, and close thereunder
A white line drawn along the sea,
A flashing line whose voice is thunder?"
"It seems to be a fearsome coast, —
No trees, no hospitable whiffs, —
God help the crew whose ship is lost
On yonder homicidal cliffs!"

"Amen!" say I to that sweet prayer:
"The land, indeed, looks sad and stern,
No female *savans*' field-day there,
Collecting butterflies and fern.
An iron land it seems from far,
On which no shepherd's flock reposes;
Lashed by the elemental war,
The land is not a land of roses."

Proudly, O Prima Vista! still,
Where sweeps the sea-hawk's fearless pinion,
Do thou unfurl from every hill
The banner of the New Dominion!
Proudly to all who sail the sea,
Bear then, advanced, the Union standard,
And friendly may its welcome be
To all men, seaward bound or landward!

All hail! old Prima Vista! long
As break the billows on thy boulders,
Will seamen hail thy lights with song,
And home-hopes quicken all beholders.
Long as thy headlands point the way
Between man's old and new creation,
Evil fall from thee like the spray,
And hope illumine every station!

Long may thy hardy sons count o'er
The spoils of ocean, won by labor;
Long may the free, unbolted door
Be open to each trusty neighbor!
Long, long may blossom on thy rocks
Thy sea-pinks, fragrant as the heather;
Thy maidens of the flowing locks
Safe sheltered from life's stormy weather!

Yes! this is Prima Vista! this
The very landmark we have prayed for;
Darkly they wander who have missed
The guidance yon stern land was made for.

Call it not homicidal, then,
The New World's outwork; grim its beauty,
This guardian of the lives of men,
Clad in the garb that does its duty!

Less gayly trills the lover lark
Above the singing swain at morning,
Than rings through sea-mists chill and dark
This name of welcome and of warning.
Not happier to his cell may go
The saint, triumphant o'er temptation,
Than the worn captain turns below,
Relieved as by a revelation.

How blest, when Cabot ventured o'er
This northern sea, yon rocks rose gleaming!
A promised land seemed Labrador
(Nor was the promise all in seeming);
Strong sea-wall, still it stands to guard
An island fertile, fair as any,
The rich, but the unreaped reward
Of Cabot and of Verrazzani!

Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

Ottawa, Canada.

IMPERIUM IN IMPERIO.

IN Ottawa, the Lord of Lorne,
Young Campbell, clansman of Argyll,
A court shall hold to put to scorn

All courts but that of Britain's isle;
Strange chiefs, through many an hundred mile
Of trackless woods, will seek Louise,
To change their welcome for her smile,
Who comes their Princess over seas.

Of Saxon aspect, proud of mien,
Bearing high names in days of yore,
Some gay with tartan red and green,
Stern as their Caledonian shore,
With voices like Corbrechtan's roar, —
What men are these in furred array?
These be the lords of Labrador,
And these the dukes of Hudson's Bay.

The dwellers where the waters fall
Down Montmorency's woody steep,
The merchant-kings of Montreal,
And they who Durham uplands reap,
Shall join, that rule to guard and keep,
Whose large dominion shall outgrow
The imperial island in the deep, —
Though Time her empire should o'erthrow.

Haply, on some resplendent morn,
When London streets are wild with life,
Great captains in gay chariots borne,
Men who have faced the foe in strife,
And many a high peer's haughty wife,
And Norman ladies fair to see,
Towards Holbein's towers, with liveries rife,
Pour through Pall Mall, by Twenty-three,

With goodlier pomp to swell the blood
In British bosoms pleased with show,
And give to thy historic flood,
Dark Thames, a more majestic flow;
Yet there no manlier hearts can glow,
In truer subjects, better born,
Than those that welcome to Rideau
Louisa and the Lord of Lorne!

Thomas William Parsons.

Ottawa, the River, Canada.

THE FALLS OF THE CHAUDIÈRE, OTTAWA.

I HAVE laid my cheek to Nature's, placed my puny hand in hers,
Felt a kindred spirit warming all the life-blood of my face,
Moved amid the very foremost of her truest worshippers,
Studying each curve of beauty, marking every minute grace;
Loved not less the mountain cedar than the flowers at its feet,
Looking skyward from the valley, open-lipped as if in prayer,
Felt a pleasure in the brooklet singing of its wild retreat,
But I knelt before the splendor of the thunderous Chaudière.

All my manhood waked within me, every nerve had tenfold force,
And my soul stood up rejoicing, looking on with cheerful eyes,
Watching the resistless waters speeding on their downward course,
Titan strength and queenly beauty diademed with rainbow dyes.
Eye and ear, with spirit quickened, mingled with the lovely strife,
Saw the living Genius shrined within her sanctuary fair,
Heard her voice of sweetness singing, peered into her hidden life,
And discerned the tuneful secret of the jubilant Chaudière.

* * *

Still I heard the mellow sweetness of her voice at intervals,
Mingling with the fall of waters, rising with the snowy spray,
Ringing through the sportive current like the joy of waterfalls,
Sending up their hearty vespers at the calmy close of day.
Loath to leave the scene of beauty, lover-like I stayed, and stayed,
Folding to my eager bosom memories beyond compare;
Deeper, stronger, more enduring than my dreams of wood and glade,
Were the eloquent appeals of the magnificent Chaudière.

E'en the solid bridge is trembling, whence I look my
last farewell,
Dizzy with the roar and trampling of the mighty herd
of waves,
Speeding past the rocky Island, steadfast as a sentinel,
Towards the loveliest bay that ever mirrored the
Algonquin Braves.
Soul of Beauty! Genius! Spirit! Priestess of the lovely
strife!
In my heart thy words are shrined, as in a sanctuary
fair;
Echoes of thy voice of sweetness, rousing all my better
life,
Ever haunt my wildest visions of the jubilant Chaudière.

Charles Sangster.

Prince Edward, the Island.

AN INDIAN SUMMER'S DAY.

FAIR Hillsboro's flood pursues its silent way
By gloomy woods, rich fields, and meadows gay;
Slow o'er its breast the stately vessels glide,
Their drooping sails reflected in the tide;
A roseate blush the spreading haze pervades,
And jets of amber light the sylvan shades;
The withering leaves of faded green and gold
Drop from the spreading beeches gray and old;
The maple's scarlet livery blends with these,

And silvery birches thread the dark fir-trees;
While swelling hills, red cliffs, and sheltered farms
Lend to the glowing landscape added charms.

Anonymous.

Quebec, Canada.

MEMORIES OF QUEBEC.

AFAR, Quebec exalts her crest on high,
Her rocks and battlements invade the sky;

* * *

While on the Bay's broad bosom far and wide,
The anchored fleets of commerce proudly ride.
Huge cliffs above precipitous that frown,
Like Atlas, bent beneath another town,
Where all along the gray embrasured steep
In grim repose the watchful cannon peep,
Tall spires, and domes, and turrets shine afar
Behind the archèd gates, and mounds of war,
While proud Cape Diamond towers above them all,
With aerial glacis and embattled wall;
Till on the loftiest point where swift birds rise,
Old England's standard floats amid the skies.

Oh! glorious spot! the Briton's boast and pride,
Where armies battled and where heroes died,
Where gallant Wolfe led his devoted band,
Rejoiced in death and waved his dying hand;
Mid cheers of victory rung from side to side,

The hero smiled content, and calmly died!
Though few his years and young his lofty fame,
With greenest garlands England crowns his name;
And on her roll of glory proudly reads
The nation's records of his mighty deeds.
And noble Montcalm! Well thy honored bier
May claim the tribute of a British tear.
Although the lilies from these ramparts fell,
Thy name immortal with great Wolfe's shall dwell:
Like him, thy consciousness of duty done
Soothed thy last pang, and cheered thy setting sun!

W. Kirby.

QUEBEC.

IN the rich pomp of dying day
Quebec, the rock-throned monarch, glowed,—
Castle and spire and dwelling gray
The batteries rude that niched their way
Along the cliff, beneath the play
Of the deep yellow light, were gay,
And the curved flood, below that lay,
In flashing glory flowed;
Beyond, the sweet and mellow smile
Beamed upon Orleans' lovely isle;
Until the downward view
Was closed by mountain-tops that, reared
Against the burnished sky, appeared
In misty, dreamy hue.

West of Quebec's embankments rose
The forests in their wild repose.

Between the trunks, the radiance slim
Here came with slant and quivering blaze;
Whilst there, in leaf-wreathed arbors dim,
Was gathering gray the twilight's haze.
Where cut the boughs the background glow
That striped the west, a glittering belt,
The leaves transparent seemed, as though
In the rich radiance they would melt.

Upon a narrow, grassy glade,
Where thickets stood in grouping shade,
The light streaked down in golden mist,
Kindled the shrubs, the greensward kissed,
Until the clover-blossoms white
Flashed out like spangles large and bright.

Alfred Billings Street.

TO THE URSULINES.

O PURE and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the sky above, — your quiet bark
By soft winds blest!

Still toil in duty and commune with heaven,
World-weaned and free;
God to his humblest creatures room has given,
And space to be.

Space for the eagle in the vaulted sky
To plume his wing, —

Space for the ring-dove by her young to lie,
And softly sing.

Space for the sunflower, bright with yellow glow,
To court the sky, —
Space for the violet, where the wild woods grow,
To live and die.

Space for the ocean in its giant might
To swell and rave, —
Space for the river, tinged with rosy light,
Where green banks wave.

Space for the sun, to tread his path in might,
And golden pride, —
Space for the glowworm, calling by her light
Love to her side.

Then, pure and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the skies above, and your still bark
By kind winds blest.

Caroline Gilman.

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamor of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

O Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;

Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigor fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes;
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

Oliver Goldsmith.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

QUEBEC, — how regally it crowns the height!
The Titan Strength has here set up his throne;
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years agone,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to groan,
England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim, —
A brave young chief had fallen to vindicate her fame.

Fallen in the prime of his ambitious years,
As falls the young oak when the mountain blast
Rings like a clarion, and the tempest jeers
To see its pride to earth untimely cast.
So fell brave Wolfe, heroic to the last,
Amid the tempest and grim scorn of war,
While leering Fate with look triumphant passed,
Pleased with the slaughter and the horrid jar
That lured him hence to see how paled a hero's star,

Only to rise amid the heavens of Fame
With more impassioned radiance; as the sun
That sets at evening like a world on flame
Returns with calmer glory. He had run
The race that Fortune bade him, and had won
The prize which thousands perish for in vain.
For he had triumphed; they depart undone,
Like a dark day that sinks in cloud and rain,
But never can return or see the morn again.

* * *

Heroic Wolfe! the martial path he chose
Nipped his long-cherished dreams just as the bud
Of his fair promise, opening to a rose,
Was drenched in tears and stained with life's dear blood.
A hero-martyr; for his country's good
Yielding up life and all he held most dear;
A mind with finest sympathies imbued,
A wise companion and a friend sincere,
A soul to burn with love, a nature to revere.

Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names ne'er graced
The page historic or the hostile plain;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
None more heroic will e'er breathe again.
They passed unto their rest without a stain
Upon their kindred natures or true hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that Valor claims and Feeling's self imparts.

Peace to their dust! all honor to the brave!
They lived like brothers, and like men they died;
One worthy of the trust he could not save,
The other flushed not with poor mortal pride,
But giving God the praise, when on his side
The bird of Victory perched. Worthy were they
That two great nations on their zeal relied,
And wept their loss, wept the distressful day
That saw two lives like theirs untimely swept away.

Far o'er the cloud-built chateaux of the Morn
Had climbed the sun upon that autumn day
That led me to those battlements. The corn
Upon the distant fields was ripe. Away
To the far left the swelling highlands lay;
The quiet cove; the river bright and still;
The gallant ships that made the harbor gay;
And like a Thought swayed by a potent Will,
Point Levi, seated at the foot of the old hill:

What were the gardens and the terraces,
The stately dwellings, and the monuments
Upreared to human fame, compared with these?
Those ancient hills stood proudly ere the tents
Of the first voyageurs — swart visitants
From the fair, sunny Loire — were pitched upon
Wild Stadacona's height. The armaments
Whose flaming missiles smote the solid stone
Aroused yon granite Cape that answered groan for groan

Charles Sangster.

Quinte, the Bay, Canada.

THE BAY OF QUINTE.

SPIRIT of Gentleness! what grace
Attends thy footsteps! Here thy face
With fine creative glory shone,
Like a mild seraph's near the throne,
On that fair morn when first thy wing
Passed o'er the waters, brightening
The solemn shores that gravely lay
Far, far along the tranquil bay.

No lofty grandeur piled supreme,
But like a sweet, prophetic dream,
The landscape stretched, unfolding still,
In gently sloping vale and hill;
Bright woods of every shade of green;
And over all, the sun, serene,
Rolled back the shadowy mists of gray
That veiled the bosom of the bay.

What spirit of sublime repose
Was with thee when the forest rose
And flung its leafy mantle o'er
The changeful wild on either shore?
Spirits of Rest and Peace! for here
They build their bowers year by year,
Creating yet, from day to day,
Fresh graces for their favorite bay.

And still the charming landscape lies
The fairest 'neath Canadian skies,
Trembling with grace and beauty rare,
Blushing to know how sweet and fair
The lovely features all remain,
Untouched, untainted, free from stain;
The matchless face as warm and gay
As when first mirrored in the bay.

Broad, wavy grain-fields touch the shore,
Receding from the dash and roar
Of the hoarse billow from the deeps
Of the wide lake; rare woodland sweeps
Of upland wild and deep ravine,
In undulating swells of green;
And grassy banks that shoreward stray,
To toy with the delightful bay.

Fair meadows basking in the sun,
Dotted with stately herds that shun
The summer heats beneath the shade
Of some old remnant of the glade;
Or having sought the cooling stream,
Defy the sun's intensest beam,
Fanned by the graceful airs that play
O'er the calm surface of the bay.

* * *

Charles Sangster.

Red River, Canada.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

OUT and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins, —
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearily blows the north-wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north-wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;

Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Rideau, the Lake, Canada.

RIDEAU LAKE.

A WARM light permeates the sky,
A silvery mist is lingering nigh,
And floating up the trees near by.

A slumberous silence fills the air,
Silence upon the lake, and where
The pines drop pearls from out their hair.

* * *

Up leaps the sun's broad chest of fire,
Up swell the bird-hymns, — higher, — higher,
Phœbus has loosed his forest choir.

A massive mirror seems the lake,
A mirror that no force can break,
But which the tricksy zephyrs shake.

Shy teal of many a gorgeous hue,
The golden-green, the gray, the blue,
Rise like bright fancies on the view.

The trees are green on either side,
Whole forests standing in their pride,
Rounding their shadows in the tide.

Islets are floating here and there,
Dreamy and languid, passing fair,
Tinted and limned with artist-care,

Reposing like the thoughts that lie
Within the meditative eye
Of youth, — bright thoughts that never die.

Narcissus-like they muse, and seem
To watch their features in the stream,
Half indistinct, as in a dream.

Like forms ideal, lo, they stand,
Huge mounds of airy-seeming land,
Fashioned by the Great Artist-hand,

Smiling like children fresh from sleep,
Bathing their soft limbs in the deep,
As from their early couch they leap.

Young cedars breathing airs of love,
Pines, pointing to the far-above,
Flowers at their feet, white as the dove.

Rocks red-flushed in the ruddy morn,—
Young Athletes, browed with manly scorn,
White birches from their bosoms born.

Visions of beauty! Isles of light!
Your sunny verdure glads the sight,
Each living fir-tree seems a sprite.

Stirred by the breeze, the green leaves wake,
The plover whistles in the brake,
Wide day sits crowned o'er Rideau Lake.

Charles Sangster.

St. Ann's, Canada.

THOMAS MOORE AT ST. ANN'S.

ON these swift waters borne along,
A poet from the farther shore
Framed as he went his solemn song,
And set it by the boatman's oar.

It was his being's law to sing
From morning dawn to evening light;

Like nature's chorister's, his wing
And voice were only stilled at night.

Nor did all nights bring him repose;
For by the moon's auspicious ray,
Like Philomela on her rose,
His song eclipsed the songs of day.

He came a stranger summer-bird,
And quickly passed; but as he flew
Our river's glorious song he heard,
His tongue was loosed, — he warbled too!

And, mark the moral, ye who dream
To be the poets of the land:
He nowhere found a nobler theme
Than you, ye favored, have at hand.

Not in the storied Summer Isles,
Not mid the classic Cyclades,
Not where the Persian sun-god smiles,
Found he more fitting theme than these.

So, while the boat glides swift along,
Behold above there looketh forth
The star that lights the path of song, —
The constant star that loves the north!

Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

St. Francis, the Lake, Canada.

LAKE ST. FRANCIS.

NATURE is ever varied. Calm and still
The lake receives us on its tranquil breast
With sweetest smiles of welcome. As a rill
Enters a valley with a lightsome zest,
After it leaves some mountain tarn, oppressed
With its wild journey ere it finds the plain,
So hail we Lake St. Francis. Love might rest
Among these isles where many a savage train
Trampled the flowers of peace, and strewed them on the main.

Embowered homesteads greet us as we pass
These nooks of quiet beauty. Here and there
An isle of shade upon a sea of glass
Floats lightly as a breath of summer air;
Verdurous points and openings so fair
'T were vain to search the misty Dreamland o'er
For such a vision as could well compare
With the broad landscape strewn from shore to shore,
That like a dear face grows in beauty more and more.

No aged forests lift their tangled arms,
No threatening rapid rolls its vengeful way,
The ever-shifting panorama charms
And soothes the soul like an entrancing lay.

Along the shores the restless poplars stray,
Like woodland outposts watching through the night;
Yon grove of pine englooms each starry ray
And sleeps in darkest shadow; and the white
And spectral tombstones mark the graveyard's hallowed site.

Faint, far-off islands, dim and shadowy, seem
To loom like purple clouds, and a stray sail,
Like a white condor, flits across our beam,
Inviting truant breeze and loitering gale
From odorous wood and flower-besprinkled vale;
The murmurs of the isles past which we glide
Are soothing as an Oriental tale
Flung by some tuneful Hafiz far and wide,
As through the dreamy maze we dash with native pride.

An Indian, like a memory, glides by;
One frail canoe where once the tribes in all
Their savage greatness sent their startling cry
Along their countless fleets. Thus at the call
Of Destiny whole races rise and fall;
Whole states and empires like those tribes have passed
To swell the grim historic carnival.
We, too, the puppets of to-day, that vast
And solemn masquerade must gravely join at last.

A dreamy quiet haunts the wide expanse
O'er all the flashing lake, — a world of calm,
Fair as the fairest picture of romance.

Night's awful splendor thrills us like a psalm.
High and erect, and heavenward as a palm,
Our thoughts and hopes ascend. Is it not well
That we should feel at times the heavenly balm
Of contemplation soothe us like a spell?
As these too-witching scenes our grosser yearnings quell.

The welcome lighthouse like an angel stands
Arrayed as with a glory, pointing to
Vast heights of promise, where the summer lands
Rise like great hopes upon man's spirit-view.
It warns life's toiling pilgrim to eschew
The rocks and shoals on which too many wrecks
Of noble hearts, all searching for the true,
Have sunk in utter ruin. Man may vex
His thoughts to find out God; his searchings but perplex

His poor contracted reason, — poor at best,
One grain of faith is worth a sheaf of search.
On, love! to-night we cannot think of rest,
Past the dim islands where the silvery birch
Gleams like a shepherd's crook. Yonder, the church
Lights us to Lancaster. And now the wide,
Wide lake, we wander over, soon to lurch
And roll and toss, as down the stream we glide,
Light as a feather on the stormy ocean-tide.

Charles Sangster.

St. John, N. B.

ST. JOHN.

1647.

"TO the winds give our banner!
Bear homeward again!"
Cried the Lord of Acadia,
Cried Charles of Estienne;
From the prow of his shallop
He gazed, as the sun,
From its bed in the ocean,
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters
That shallop had passed,
Where the mists of Penobscot
Clung damp on her mast.
St. Saviour had looked
On the heretic sail,
As the songs of the Huguenot
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers
Remembered her well,
And had cursed her, while passing,
With taper and bell,
But the men of Monhegan,
Of Papists abhorred,

Had welcomed and feasted
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop
With dun-fish and ball,
With stores for his larder,
And steel for his wall.
Pemequid, from her bastions
And turrets of stone,
Had welcomed his coming
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders
Had followed his way,
As homeward he glided,
Down Pentecost Bay.
Oh, well sped La Tour!
For, in peril and pain,
His lady kept watch
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
The morning sun shone,
On the plane-trees which shaded
The shores of St. John.
"Now, why from yon battlements
Speaks not my love!
Why waves there no banner
My fortress above?"

Dark and wild, from his deck
St. Estienne gazed about,

On fire-wasted dwellings
And silent redoubt;
From the low, shattered walls
Which the flame had o'errun,
There floated no banner,
There thundered no gun!

But beneath the low arch
Of its doorway there stood
A pale priest of Rome,
In his cloak and his hood.
With the bound of a lion
La Tour sprang to land,
On the throat of the Papist
He fastened his hand.

"Speak, son of the Woman
Of scarlet and sin!
What wolf has been prowling
My castle within?"
From the grasp of the soldier
The Jesuit broke,
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
He smiled as he spoke:

"No wolf, Lord of Estienne,
Has ravaged thy hall,
But thy red-handed rival,
With fire, steel, and ball!
On an errand of mercy
I hitherward came,

While the walls of thy castle
Yet spouted with flame.

Pentagoet's dark vessels
Were moored in the bay,
Grim sea-lions, roaring
Aloud for their prey."
"But what of my lady?"
Cried Charles of Estienne:
"On the shot-crumbled turret
Thy lady was seen;

"Half veiled in the smoke-cloud,
Her hand grasped thy pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
In the hot breath of cannon!
But woe to the heretic,
Evermore woe!
When the son of the church
And the cross is his foe!

"In the track of the shell,
In the path of the ball,
Pentagoet swept over
The breach of the wall!
Steel to steel, gun to gun,
One moment, — and then
Alone stood the victor,
Alone with his men!

"Of its sturdy defenders,
Thy lady alone

Saw the cross-blazoned banner
Float over St. John."
"Let the dastard look to it!"
Cried fiery Estienne,
"Were D'Aulney King Louis,
I'd free her again!"

"Alas for thy lady!
No service from thee
Is needed by her
Whom the Lord hath set free:
Nine days, in stern silence,
Her thraldom she bore,
But the tenth morning came,
And Death opened her door!"

As if suddenly smitten
La Tour staggered back;
His hand grasped his sword-hilt,
His forehead grew black.
He sprang on the deck
Of his shallop again.
"We cruise now for vengeance!
Give way!" cried Estienne.

"Massachusetts shall hear
Of the Huguenot's wrong,
And from island and creekside
Her fishers shall throng!
Pentagoet shall rue
What his Papists have done,

When his palisades echo
The Puritan's gun!"

Oh, the loveliest of heavens
Hung tenderly o'er him;
There were waves in the sunshine,
And green isles before him:
But a pale hand was beckoning
The Huguenot on;
And in blackness and ashes
Behind was St. John!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

St. Lawrence (Cadaraqui), the River.

CADARAQUI.

I DREAMED not then that, ere the rolling year
Had filled its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurled
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed;
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, mid islets flowering fair,
And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair

For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banished from the garden of their God.
O Lady! these are miracles, which man,
Caged in the bounds of Europe's pygmy span,
Can scarcely dream of, — which his eye must see
To know how wonderful this world can be!

But lo! the last tints of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rocked to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies like a half-breathed whispering of flutes;
Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
And I can trace him, like a watery star,
Down the steep current, till he fades afar
Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night.

Thomas Moore.

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We 'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight is past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.

But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight is past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight is past,

Thomas Moore.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

DOWN, down we glide these "Thousand Isles" between,
Lovely as fairy-land to dreaming child,
Sweeping past shores now fringed with verdure green,
Now clasped by rocks and tangled forests wild.
Anon, like arrow from an aim that 's true,
We dart adown the rapids' fearful whirl,
The rough "Cascades," the less exciting "Sue,"
Where round the rocks the foaming waters curl.
And so the day glides on. At eve we near
The wild "La Chine," peril on every side;
Our hearts stand still, our cheeks grow pale with fear;
One plunge: the brave boat safely through doth ride
On where the purple hills so grandly loom,
All heedless now of twilight's gathering gloom!

Anonymous.

THE COTEAU RAPID.

THE Coteau, broad, and long, and boisterous!
The waves like white sea-monsters plunge and roll,
Mighty, and grand, and wildly perilous,
It lives a life of torment. A mad soul
Seems shouting from each billow, and the howl
Of the lashed waters, as they foam and writhe,
Is as Despair's last shriek, when at the goal
Where all hope ends they tumble headlong with
A cry of anguish to the yawning gulf beneath.

Mad cries of horror pierce the seething shore;
Triumphal choruses roll back again;
Up from the depths abysmal, evermore
Rushes some swift embodiment of pain,
Flying from the fierce conflict all in vain.
A wild, despairing, agonizing cry;
A laugh of demons torturing the slain;
Thus the sardonic strife goes crashing by;
The nameless Terror rolls its burden up the sky.

From isle to isle 'twixt life and death we speed,
From crest to crest, from wave to wave, we bound,
Where the scared billows seem to shun some deed
Of blanching horror in mad tumult drowned;
From isle to isle the turmoil rolls profound.
The true enchantment this, — no legend rare,
No wondrous tale by hoar tradition crowned,
But grand, terrific, true beyond compare,
The vast sonorous war of passion shakes the air.

But suddenly from the infernal whirl
The ambling current bears us far away,
Where no pursuing wave is seen to curl,
No rapid shatters into diamond spray;
While far behind, the breakers' wild array
Shout from the watery slope their threatenings dire,
Looming like Mohawk ghosts at morning gray,
With awful rage and impotent desire,
Striking the wildest chords of Nature's mighty lyre.

Charles Sangster.

RAPIDS OF THE CEDARS.

AGAIN the rush tumultuous — the bound —
The tossings to and fro — the surge — the swell;
The mighty uproar, and the crash profound;
That make the cedars a vast, watery hell,
More vast and grand than eloquence can tell.
How the strong surges strike the naked rocks
With Thor-like force, with purpose mad and fell!
The scornful reef their sudden onset mocks,
And like a mail-clad knight resists their deadliest shocks.

As when some host roused Tartarus invades,
The vast deeps heave with being; these white crests
Like furies seem to rise as from the shades,
To wreak their urging Demon's grim behests.
What power and grace, what grandeur here invests
The awful shapes' profound sonorous chime,
Could we divine that voice that never rests,

But shouts its solemn pæan through all time,
As the long ages toil on their grand march sublime.

The waters strike the unprotected isles,
And shake their leafy verdure. We can see
The church spire yonder as the moonlight smiles
Upon it; passing wildly, fancy-free,
Where we can touch the trees. In frolic glee
We ride the stoutest billows as the breeze
Wafts down a gracious perfume on our lee,
Fresh from the Isle of Flowers, where the bees
Sup with their Floral Queen on honeyed courtesies.

The current seeks no rest. Sullen and swift,
And hounded by the rapid in its fear,
Like a lost murderer it knows no thrift,
No peace forever: on his startled ear
A voice incessant peals; loud footfalls near
Tell of the dread pursuer. So the stream
Hears far-off howlings, vengeful, shrill, and drear,
Till like an arrow, like a sudden beam,
It strikes the vexed cascades, and ends its fitful dream.

Charles Sangster.

RAPIDS OF THE LACHINE.

WITH whirl sublime, and with what maelstrom force,
The frantic waters strike our plunging bark;
The rage defiant and the thunderings hoarse,
These bring no fears to our devoted ark

That bounds securely to its distant mark.
See how the tortured deep heaps surge on surge!
What howling billows sweep the waters dark!
Stunning the ear with their stentorian dirge,
That loudens as they lash the rocks' resisting verge.

To what shall we compare thee, — thing of dread!
What grand resistless Terror, armed, art thou?
Strife's awful champion, autocrat and head, —
The mighty Wrestler to whom all must bow
That feel thine iron grasp. O stern of brow
As Lucifer amid his cowering crew!
How like a scourge, a mad Attila, now,
He charges with his Hun-like retinue,
The flying hosts of waves to vanquish and subdue!

The Hounds of Peril guard this fearful spot;
And yet we dare to tempt the narrow way,
Cutting a passage through the Gordian Knot
Of reefs and breakers, as the vast array
Here bursts in dazzling drifts of diamond spray,
Here bids defiance to all human skill;
Lifting up vast, herculean busts of gray,
As if to awe the mind or shake the will,
Pursuing us like fates adown the tumbling hill.

O awful Shape! that haunts the dread abysm;
That hold'st thy Reign of Terror evermore;
What grave offence, what unforgiven schism,
Consigned thee hither from the Stygian shore?
Why troublest thou the waters with thy roar?
No angel footstep, thine, of rest and peace,

But some lost soul's for whom no open door
Leadeth to where thy spirit-toils shall cease,
With no commissioned arm stretched forth for thy release.

* * *

And we have passed the terrible Lachine,
Have felt a fearless tremor thrill the soul,
As the huge waves upreared their crests of green,
Holding our feathery bark in their control,
As a strong eagle holds an oriole.
The brain grows dizzy with the whirl and hiss
Of the fast-crowding billows as they roll
Like struggling demons to the vexed abyss,
Lashing the tortured crags with wild demoniac bliss.

Charles Sangster.

INVOCATION.

O FRIEND, amid the stately pines
That murmurous music yield to thee,
Recall'st thou the enchanted climes,
St. Lawrence, broad and clear and free?
What time we sailed in summer calm,
With moonlight glinting wave and beach,
To meet the south-wind's kiss of balm,
Surpassing melody of speech?

At night when the Nevada gleams,
Like castle turrets, white and cold,
And all the azure archway streams
With oriflamme of gems and gold;

Upon thy lovely snow-crowned beat,
Where foams and falls the mountain rill,
Come visions of our voyage sweet,
By sheltered bay and wooded hill?

And fairy isles that slept serene
Upon the river's peaceful breast,
While cloth of gold some naiad queen
Trailed regally along the west!
With furrows left by gliding keel,
And lilies clasping to their hearts,
The golden secrets stars reveal
When rosy day at length departs?

Still on and on, as spirits float,
Through waves of ether opal-rifted,
Too blest, enrapt, to even note
If down to death we slowly drifted.
Now sighing faint, with clover gales,
The distant bells rang out delight.
Anon the dusky grotto vales, —
A fitting scene for such a night.

Ah! from thy lips that keep for me
Poems no bard hath ever sung,
Still falls the entrancing melody
Of Grecian isle, when Time was young!
Fair River, clasp unto thy breast
Our love, — nay, tell it to the main!
Old Ocean, bear it to the West!
And wake his smile for me again.

Helen Rich.

THE THOUSAND ISLES.

'TIS evening tide, the mottled sky
Is glorious in the sinking sun;
Now Heaven's serene immensity
Seems flashing forth the words, "Well done!"
And sacred, superhuman hues
Adorn the dim declivity,
And shape the intermingling views
As fair as Eden's landscapes be.
Our bark, like fate's strange shuttle through
The azure web, threads onward where
Green islands fleck the liquid blue,
As low clouds fleck the living air.

Which is an isle, and which can be
A cloud, is half a mystery;
Both are of a supernal growth,
And Sol's last radiance sets on both
In one fond blush of pensive hues
(They softly flash and interfuse),
As if to beckon us away
Beyond the precincts of decay.
And we would follow him in high
Immeasurable majesty,
By one oblivious plunge to be
From human solitude set free,
But fear the night, so soon to cast
This glory by, may ever last.

Some isles are rocky bastions old,
Shaped when the ancient ages rolled
Around their thunder-rended forms
Earthquakes and unremembered storms.
But some are exquisitely planned
By Beauty's spiritual hand
For purposes of peace, and still
They have no part in human ill.

Each hour a deeper ray emits,
That o'er the wandering water flits,
Like sanguine leaves when they forsake
The lofty branches for the lake;
Such colors tinge the beams that pass
Yon cloud's ensanguined chrysopras.
Lo, every bird for joy is still
In river, vale, or island hill;
And, past the purple mounts of pine,
Lulling the winds with wands divine,
The imperial monarch of the day
Wheels his irrevocable way
Far off, through clouds whose living flames
Would woo the world to wiser aims;
Sweet seraphs, blushing for the sin
Of some originally kin—
Alas, how beautiful! they seem
Through countless centuries to dream,
Calm as the peace that comes from care,
Pure as a child's face flushed with prayer,
Soft as a transient velvet rose,
Still as the waves when winds repose,

Lone as this solitude of green,
Dim as those purple depths unseen,
Vast as the visions angels spread
Around a bard's or prophet's bed,
As round the seer of Patmos shone
The sea of glass and crystal throne,
The city's glorious streets, and all
That held his poet soul in thrall.

* * *

J. R. Ramsay.

LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

HERE Nature holds her carnival of Isles,
Steeped in warm sunset all the merry day,
Each nodding tree and floating greenwood smiles,
And moss-crowned monsters move in grim array;
All night the fisher spears his finny prey,
The piny flambeaux reddening the deep
By the dim shore, or up some mimic bay
Like grotesque bandits as they boldly sweep
Upon the startled prey, and stab them while they sleep.

And many a tale of legendary lore
Is told of these romantic Isles. The feet
Of the red man impressed each wave-zoned shore,
And many an eye of beauty oft did greet
The painted warriors and their birchen fleet,
As they returned with trophies of the slain.
That race hath passed away: their fair retreat
In its primeval loneness smiles again,
Save where some vessel breaks the isle-enwoven chain;

Save where the echo of the huntsman's gun
  Startles the wild duck from some shallow nook,
Or the swift hounds' deep baying as they run
  Rouses the lounging student from his book;
Or where, assembled by some sedgy brook,
  A picnic party, resting in the shade,
Springs forward hastily to catch a look
  At the strong steamer, through the watery glade
  Ploughing like a huge serpent from its ambuscade.

Charles Sangster.

St. Lawrence, the Gulf.

THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

ST. LAWRENCE! yes, I well remember
  Thy Gulf, — that morning in September.
Fast flew our ship careering lightly
Over the waters breaking brightly;
Alongside close as if their aim
Were but her vaunted speed to shame,
Sleek porpoises like lightning went
Cleaving the sunny element;
  Now where the black bows smote their way
How would they revel in the roaring spray!
Like victors in the contest now
Dash swift athwart the flying prow;
Or springing forward three abreast
Shoot slippery o'er each foamy crest, —

Shoot upwards in an airy arc
As three abreast they passed the bark:
Pied petrels coursed about the sea
And skimmed the billows dexterously;
Sank with each hollow, rose with every hill,
So close, yet never touched them till
They seized their prey with rapid bill:
Afar, the cloudy spurts of spray
Told that the grampus sported there
With his ferocious mates at play.
Meanwhile the breeze that freshly blew
From every breaking wave-top drew
A plume of smoke that straightway from the sun
The colors of the rainbow won,
So that you saw, wherever turning,
A thousand small volcanoes burning,
Emitting vapors of each hue
Of orange, purple, red, and blue.
The sky meanwhile was all alive
With snow-bright clouds that seemed to drive
Swiftly, as though the heavens in glee
Were racing with the racing sea;
Each flitting sight and rushing sound
Spread life and hope and joy around;
Ship, birds and fishes, sky and ocean,
All restless with one glad emotion!
But what a change! when suddenly we spy
Apart from all that headlong revelry, —
Pencilled above the sky-line, like a spectre drear,
A silent iceberg solemnly appear, —
Pausing ghost-like our greeting to await.

The crystal mountain, as we come anear
And feel the airs that from it creep
So chilling o'er the sunny deep,
Discloses, while it slowly shifts,
Now blue, faint-glistening, semi-lucent clifts,
Now melancholy peaks, dead-white and desolate.
But comes it not, this guest unbidden,
This wanderer from a home far-hidden,
Dim herald of the mysteries of the Pole,
With tidings from that cheerless region fraught, —
Comes it not o'er us like the sudden thought,
The haunting phantom of a world apart,
The blank and silent apparition
That, ever prompt to gain serene admission,
Lurks on the crowded confines of the heart,
The many-pictured purlieus of the soul;
Nay, sometimes thrusts its unexpected presence
Upon our brightest-tinted hours of pleasaunce?

* * *

Alfred Domett.

THE LORD'S-DAY GALE.

IN Gloucester port lie fishing craft, —
More stanch and trim were never seen:
They are sharp before and sheer abaft,
And true their lines the masts between.
Along the wharves of Gloucester Town
Their fares are lightly handed down,
And the laden flakes to sunward lean.

Well know the men each cruising-ground,
And where the cod and mackerel be:
Old Eastern Point the schooners round
And leave Cape Ann on the larboard lee:
Sound are the planks, the hearts are bold,
That brave December's surges cold
On Georges' shoals in the outer sea.

And some must sail to the banks far north
And set their trawls for the hungry cod,—
In the ghostly fog creep back and forth
By shrouded paths no foot hath trod;
Upon the crews the ice-winds blow,
The bitter sleet, the frozen snow,—
Their lives are in the hand of God!

New England! New England!
Needs sail they must, so brave and poor,
Or June be warm or winter storm,
Lest a wolf gnaw through the cottage-door!
Three weeks at home, three long months gone,
While the patient goodwives sleep alone,
And wake to hear the breakers roar.

The Grand Bank gathers in its dead,—
The deep sea-sand is their winding-sheet;
Who does not Georges' billows dread
That dash together the drifting fleet?
Who does not long to hear, in May,
The pleasant wash of Saint Lawrence Bay,
The fairest ground where fishermen meet?

There the west wave holds the red sunlight
Till the bells at home are rung for nine:
Short, short the watch, and calm the night;
The fiery northern streamers shine;
The eastern sky anon is gold,
And winds from piny forests old
Scatter the white mists off the brine.

The Province craft with ours at morn
Are mingled when the vapors shift;
All day, by breeze and current borne,
Across the bay the sailors drift;
With toll and seine its wealth they win,—
The dappled, silvery spoil come in
Fast as their hands can haul and lift.

New England! New England!
Thou lovest well thine ocean main!
It spreadeth its locks among thy rocks,
And long against thy heart hath lain;
Thy ships upon its bosom ride
And feel the heaving of its tide;
To thee its secret speech is plain.

Cape Breton and Edward Isle between,
In strait and gulf the schooners lay;
The sea was all at peace, I ween,
The night before that August day;
Was never a Gloucester skipper there,
But thought erelong, with a right good fare,
To sail for home from Saint Lawrence Bay.

New England! New England!
Thy giant's love was turned to hate!
The winds control his fickle soul
And in his wrath he hath no mate.
Thy shores his angry scourges tear,
And for thy children in his care
The sudden tempests lie in wait.

The East Wind gathered all unknown, —
A thick sea-cloud his course before;
He left by night the frozen zone
And smote the cliffs of Labrador;
He lashed the coasts on either hand,
And betwixt the Cape and Newfoundland
Into the Bay his armies pour.

He caught our helpless cruisers there
As a gray wolf harries the huddling fold;
A sleet — a darkness — filled the air,
A shuddering wave before it rolled:
That Lord's-Day morn it was a breeze, —
At noon, a blast that shook the seas, —
At night — a wind of Death took hold!

It leapt across the Breton bar,
A death-wind from the stormy East!
It scarred the land, and whirled afar
The sheltering thatch of man and beast;
It mingled rick and roof and tree,
And like a besom swept the sea,
And churned the waters into yeast.

From Saint Paul's light to Edward Isle
A thousand craft it smote amain;
And some against it strove the while,
And more to make a port were fain:
The mackerel-gulls flew screaming past,
And the stick that bent to the noonday blast
Was split by the sundown hurricane.

Woe, woe to those whom the islands pen!
In vain they shun the double capes:
Cruel are the reefs of Magdalen;
The Wolf's white fang what prey escapes?
The Grin'stone grinds the bones of some,
And Coffin Isle is craped with foam; —
On Deadman's shore are fearful shapes!

Oh, what can live on the open sea,
Or moored in port the gale outride?
The very craft that at anchor be
Are dragged along by the swollen tide!
The great storm-wave came rolling west,
And tossed the vessels on its crest:
The ancient bounds its might defied!

The ebb to check it had no power;
The surf ran up an untold height;
It rose, nor yielded, hour by hour,
A night and day, a day and night;
Far up the seething shores it cast
The wrecks of hull and spar and mast,
The strangled crews, — a woful sight!

There were twenty and more of Breton sail
Fast anchored on one mooring-ground;
Each lay within his neighbor's hail,
When the thick of the tempest closed them round:
All sank at once in the gaping sea, —
Somewhere on the shoals their corses be,
The foundered hulks, and the seamen drowned.

On reef and bar our schooners drove
Before the wind, before the swell;
By the steep sand cliffs their ribs were stove, —
Long, long their crews the tale shall tell!
Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks threescore;
Of the Province sail two hundred more
Were stranded in that tempest fell.

The bedtime bells in Gloucester Town
That Sabbath night rang soft and clear;
The sailors' children laid them down, —
Dear Lord! their sweet prayers couldst thou hear?
'T is said that gently blew the winds;
The goodwives, through the seaward blinds,
Looked down the bay and had no fear.

New England! New England!
Thy ports their dauntless seamen mourn;
The twin capes yearn for their return
Who never shall be thither borne;
Their orphans whisper as they meet;
The homes are dark in many a street,
And women move in weeds forlorn.

And wilt thou quail, and dost thou fear?
Ah, no! though widows' cheeks are pale,
The lads shall say: "Another year,
And we shall be of age to sail!"
And the mothers' hearts shall fill with pride,
Though tears drop fast for them who died
When the fleet was wrecked in the Lord's-Day gale.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND.

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full, — though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Say, what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furled,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on, — oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch forever her rosy light!

Thomas Moore.

St. Regis, Canada.

THE BELL OF ST. REGIS.

In 1704, when Deerfield was taken by the Indians, a small church-bell was carried away on a sledge as far as Lake Champlain and buried. It was afterwards taken up and conveyed to Canada.

THE red men came in their pride and wrath,
Deep vengeance fired their eye,
And the blood of the white was in their path,
And the flame from his roof rose high.

Then down from the burning church they tore
The bell of tuneful sound,
And on with their captive train they bore
That wonderful thing to their native shore,
The rude Canadian bound.

But now and then, with a fearful tone,
It struck on their startled ear, —

And sad it was, mid the mountains lone,
Or the ruined tempest's muttered moan,
That terrible voice to hear.

It seemed like the question that stirs the soul
Of its secret good or ill,
And they quaked as its stern and solemn toll
Re-echoed from rock to hill.

And they started up in their broken dream,
Mid the lonely forest-shade,
And thought that they heard the dying scream,
And saw the blood of slaughter stream
Afresh through the village glade.

Then they sat in council, those chieftains old,
And a mighty pit was made,
Where the lake with its silver waters rolled
They buried that bell 'neath the verdant mould,
And crossed themselves and prayed.

And there till a stately powow came
It slept in its tomb forgot;
With a mantle of fur, and a brow of flame,
He stood on that burial spot:

They wheeled the dance with its mystic round
At the stormy midnight hour,
And a dead man's hand on his breast he bound,
And invoked, ere he broke that awful ground,
The demons of pride and power.

Then he raised the bell, with a nameless rite,
Which none but himself might tell,
In blanket and bear-skin he bound it tight,
And it journeyed in silence both day and night,
So strong was that magic spell.

It spake no more, till St. Regis' tower
In northern skies appeared,
And their legends extol that powow's power
Which lulled that knell like the poppy flower,
As conscience now slumbereth a little hour
In the cell of a heart that 's seared.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Thames, the River, Canada.

TECUMSEH.

WHERE rolls the dark and turbid Thames
His consecrated wave along,
Sleeps one, than whose, few are the names
More worthy of the lyre and song;
Yet o'er whose spot of lone repose
No pilgrim eyes are seen to weep;
And no memorial marble throws
Its shadow where his ashes sleep.

Stop, stranger! there Tecumseh lies;
Behold the lowly resting-place

Of all that of the hero dies;
The Cæsar — Tully — of his race;
Whose arm of strength and fiery tongue
Have won him an immortal name,
And from the mouths of millions wrung
Reluctant tribute to his fame.

Stop, — for 't is glory claims thy tear!
True worth belongs to all mankind;
And he whose ashes slumber here,
Though man in form, was god in mind.
What matter he was not like thee
In race and color, — 't is the soul
That marks man's true divinity, —
Then let not shame thy tears control.

Art thou a patriot? — so was he!
His breast was Freedom's holiest shrine;
And as thou bendest there thy knee,
His spirit will unite with thine.
All that a man can give he gave, —
His life, — the country of his sires
From the oppressor's grasp to save;
In vain, — quenched are his nation's fires.

Art thou a soldier? dost thou not
O'er deeds chivalric love to muse?
Here stay thy steps, — what better spot
Couldst thou for contemplation choose?
The earth beneath is holy ground;
It holds a thousand valiant braves;

Tread lightly o'er each little mound,
For they are no ignoble graves.

Thermopylæ and Marathon,
Though classic earth, can boast no more
Of deeds heroic than yon sun
Once saw upon this lonely shore,
When in a gallant nation's last
And deadliest struggle for its own,
Tecumseh's fiery spirit passed
In blood, and sought its Father's throne.

Oh, softly fall the summer dew,
The tears of heaven, upon his sod,
For he in life and death was true
Both to his country and his God;
For oh, if God to man has given,
From his bright home beyond the skies,
One feeling that 's akin to heaven,
'T is his who for his country dies.

Rest, warrior, rest! Though not a dirge
Is thine, beside the wailing blast,
Time cannot in oblivion merge
The light thy star of glory cast;
While heave yon high hills to the sky,
While rolls yon dark and turbid river,
Thy name and fame can never die, —
Whom Freedom loves will live forever.

Charles A. Jones.

DANISH AMERICA.

Greenland.

GREENLAND UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE MORAVIANS.

FIRED with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigor of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows.
Oh, blest within the enclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
That show reversed the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell;
But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey,

Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
Yet Truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle!
And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile;
The pride of lettered ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplished minds,
That decks with all the splendor of the true
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature, indeed, vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here:
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

William Cowper.

GREENLAND.

Let Greenland's snows
Then shine, and mark the melancholy train
There left to perish, whilst the cold pale day
Declines along the further ice, that binds
The ship, and leaves in night the sinking scene.
Sad winter closes on the deep; the smoke
Of frost, that late amusive to the eye
Rose o'er the coast, is passed, and all is now
One torpid blank; the freezing particles
Blown blistering, and the white bear seeks her cave.
Ill-fated outcasts, when the morn again

Shall streak with feeble beam the frozen waste,
Your air-bleached and unburied carcasses
Shall press the ground, and, as the stars fade off,
Your stony eyes glare mid the desert snows!

William Lisle Bowles.

GREENLAND.

THE moon is watching in the sky; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;
Ocean, outstretched with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above and ship below appear;
A double image, pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep:
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

* * *

Light-breathing gales awhile their course propel,
The billows roll with pleasurable swell,
Till the seventh dawn; when o'er the pure expanse
The sun, like lightning, throws his earliest glance,
"Land! Land!" exclaims the ship-boy from the mast,
"Land! Land!" with one electric shock hath passed
From lip to lip, and every eye hath caught

The cheering glimpse so long, so dearly sought:
Yet must imagination half supply
The doubtful streak, dividing sea and sky;
Nor clearly known, till, in sublimer day,
From icy cliffs refracted splendors play,
And clouds of sea-fowl high in ether sweep,
Or fall like stars through sunshine on the deep.
'T is Greenland! but so desolately bare,
Amphibious life alone inhabits there;
'T is Greenland! yet so beautiful the sight,
The Brethren gaze with undisturbed delight:
In silence (as before the throne) they stand,
And pray, in prospect of that promised land,
That He, who sends them thither, may abide
Through the waste howling wilderness their guide;
And the Good Shepherd seek his straying flocks,
Lost on those frozen waves and herbless rocks,
By the still waters of his comforts lead,
And in the pastures of salvation feed.

* * *

Behold a scene, magnificent and new;
Nor land nor water meets the excursive view;
The round horizon girds one frozen plain,
The mighty tombstone of the buried main,
Where, dark and silent, and unfelt to flow,
A dead sea sleeps with all its tribes below.
But heaven is still itself; the deep-blue sky
Comes down with smiles to meet the glancing eye,
Though, if a keener sight its bound would trace,
The arch recedes through everlasting space.
The sun, in morning glory, mounts his throne,

Nor shines he here in solitude unknown;
North, south, and west, by dogs or reindeer drawn,
Careering sledges cross the unbroken lawn,
And bring, from bays and forelands round the coast,
Youth, beauty, valor, Greenland's proudest boast,
Who thus, in winter's long and social reign,
Hold feasts and tournaments upon the main,
When, built of solid floods, his bridge extends
A highway o'er the gulf to meeting friends,
Whom rocks impassable, or winds and tide,
Fickle and false, in summer months divide.

The scene runs round with motion, rings with mirth,
— No happier spot upon the peopled earth;
The drifted snow to dust the travellers beat,
The uneven ice is flint beneath their feet.
Here tents, a gay encampment, rise around,
Where music, song, and revelry resound;
There the blue smoke upwreathes a hundred spires,
Where humbler groups have lit their pine-wood fires.
Erelong they quit the tables; knights and dames
Lead the blithe multitude to boisterous games.
Bears, wolves, and lynxes yonder head the chase;
Here start the harnessed reindeer in the race;
Borne without wheels, a flight of rival cars
Track the ice-firmament, like shooting stars,
Right to the goal, — converging as they run,
They dwindle through the distance into one.
Where smoother waves have formed a sea of glass,
With pantomimic change the skaters pass;
Now toil like ships 'gainst wind and stream; then wheel

Like flames blown suddenly asunder; reel
Like drunkards; then, dispersed in tangents wide,
Away with speed invisible they glide.
Peace in their hearts, death-weapons in their hands,
Fierce in mock-battle meet fraternal bands,
Whom the same chiefs erewhile to conflict led,
When friends by friends, by kindred kindred, bled.
Here youthful rings with pipe and drum advance,
And foot the mazes of the giddy dance;
Graybeard spectators, with illumined eye,
Lean on their staves, and talk of days gone by;
Children, who mimic all, from pipe and drum
To chase and battle, dream of years to come.
Those years to come, the young shall ne'er behold;
The days gone by no more rejoice the old.

* * *

Ocean, meanwhile, abroad hath burst the roof
That sepulchred his waves; he bounds aloof.
In boiling cataracts, as volcanoes spout
Their fiery fountains, gush the waters out;
The frame of ice with dire explosion rends,
And down the abyss the mingled crowd descends.
Heaven! from this closing horror hide thy light;
Cast thy thick mantle o'er it, gracious Night!
These screams of mothers with their infants lost,
These groans of agony from wretches tost
On rocks and whirlpools, — in thy storms be drowned,
The crash of mountain-ice to atoms ground,
And rage of elements! — while winds, that yell
Like demons, peal the universal knell,
The shrouding waves around their limbs shall spread,

"And Darkness be the burier of the dead."
Their pangs are o'er; — at morn the tempests cease,
And the freed ocean rolls himself to peace;
Broad to the sun his heaving breast expands,
He holds his mirror to a hundred lands;
While cheering gales pursue the eager chase
Of billows round immeasurable space.

Where are the multitudes of yesterday?
At morn they came; at eve they passed away.
Yet some survive; — yon castellated pile
Floats on the surges, like a fairy isle:
Pre-eminent upon its peak, behold,
With walls of amethyst and roofs of gold,
The semblance of a city; towers and spires
Glance in the firmament with opal fires:
Prone from those heights pellucid fountains flow
O'er pearly meads, through emerald vales below.
No lovelier pageant moves beneath the sky,
Nor one so mournful to the nearer eye;
Here, when the bitterness of death had passed
O'er others, with their sledge and reindeer cast,
Five wretched ones in dumb despondence wait
The lingering issue of a nameless fate;
A bridal party; — mark yon reverend sage
In the brown vigor of autumnal age;
His daughter in her prime; the youth, who won
Her love by miracles of prowess done;
With these, two meet companions of their joy,
Her younger sister, and a gallant boy,
Who hoped, like him, a gentle heart to gain

By valorous enterprise on land or main.
— These, when the ocean-pavement failed their feet,
Sought on a glacier's crags a safe retreat;
But in the shock, from its foundation torn,
That mass is slowly o'er the waters borne,
An iceberg! — on whose verge all day they stand,
And eye the blank horizon's ring for land.
All night around a dismal flame they weep;
Their sledge, by piecemeal, lights the hoary deep
Morn brings no comfort: at her dawn expire
The latest embers of their latest fire;
For warmth and food the patient reindeer bleeds,
Happier in death than those he warms and feeds.

* * *

Ages are fled; and Greenland's hour draws nigh;
Sealed is the judgment; all her race must die:
Commerce forsakes the unvoyageable seas,
That year by year with keener rigor freeze;
The embargoed waves in narrower channels roll
To blue Spitzbergen and the utmost pole:
A hundred colonies, erewhile that lay
On the green marge of many a sheltered bay,
Lapse to the wilderness; their tenants throng
Where streams in summer, turbulent and strong,
With molten ice from inland Alps supplied,
Hold free communion with the breathing tide,
That from the heart of ocean sends the flood
Of living water round the world, like blood:
But Greenland's pulse shall slow and slower beat,
Till the last spark of genial warmth retreat,
And, like a palsied limb of Nature's frame,

Greenland be nothing but a place and name.
That crisis comes; the wafted fuel fails;
The cattle perish; famine long prevails;
With torpid sloth, intenser seasons bind
The strength of muscle and the spring of mind;
Man droops, his spirits waste, his powers decay,
His generation soon shall pass away.

At moonless midnight, on this naked coast,
How beautiful in heaven the starry host!
With lambent brilliance o'er these cloister-walls,
Slant from the firmament a meteor falls;
A steadier flame from yonder beacon streams,
To light the vessel, seen in golden dreams
By many a pining wretch, whose slumbers feign
The bliss for which he looks at morn in vain.
Two years are gone, and half expired a third
(The nation's heart is sick with hope deferred),
Since last for Europe sailed a Greenland prow,
Her whole marine, — so shorn is Greenland now,
Though once, like clouds in ether unconfined,
Her naval wings were spread to every wind.
The monk who sits, the weary hours to count,
In the lone block-house on the beacon-mount,
Watching the east, beholds the morning star
Eclipsed at rising o'er the waves afar,
As if — for so would fond expectance think —
A sail had crossed it on the horizon's brink.
His fervent soul, in ecstasy outdrawn,
Glows with the shadows kindling through the dawn,
Till every bird that flashes through the brine

Appears an armed and gallant brigantine;
And every sound along the air that comes,
The voice of clarions and the roll of drums.
'T is she! 't is she! the well-known keel at last,
With Greenland's banner streaming at the mast;
The full-swoln sails, the spring-tide, and the breeze
Waft on her way the pilgrim of the seas.
The monks at matins, issuing from their cells,
Spread the glad tidings; while their convent-bells
Wake town and country, sea and shore, to bliss
Unknown for years on any morn but this.
Men, women, children, throng the joyous strand,
Whose mob of moving shadows o'er the sand
Lengthen to giants, while the hovering sun
Lights up a thousand radiant points from one.
The pilots launch their boats; — a race! a race!
The strife of oars is seen in every face;
Arm against arm puts forth its might to reach,
And guide the welcome stranger to the beach.
Shouts from the shore, the cliffs, the boats, arise;
No voice, no signal, from the ship replies;
Nor on the deck, the yards, the bow, the stern,
Can keenest eye a human form discern.
Oh! that those eyes were opened, there to see
How, in serene and dreadful majesty,
Sits the destroying Angel at the helm!
He who hath lately marched from realm to realm
And, from the palace to the peasant's shed,
Made all the living kindred to the dead:
Nor man alone, — dumb nature felt his wrath,
Drought, mildew, murrain, strewed his carnage-path;

Harvest and vintage cast their timeless fruit,
Forests before him withered from the root.
To Greenland now, with unexhausted power,
He comes commissioned; and in evil hour
Propitious elements prepare his way;
His day of landing is a festal day.

A boat arrives; — to those who scale the deck,
Of life appears but one disastrous wreck!
Fallen from the rudder, which he fain had grasped,
But stronger Death his wrestling hold unclasped,
The film of darkness freezing o'er his eyes,
A lukewarm corpse, the brave commander lies;
Survivor sole of all his buried crew,
Whom one by one the rife contagion slew,
Just when the cliffs of Greenland cheered his sight,
Even from their pinnacle his soul took flight.
Chilled at the spectacle, the pilots gaze
One on another, lost in blank amaze;
But, from approaching boats when rivals throng,
They seize the helm, in silence steer along,
And cast their anchor, midst exulting cries,
That make the rocks the echoes of the skies,
Till the mysterious signs of woes to come,
Circled by whispers, strike the uproar dumb.
Rumor affirms, that by some heinous spell
Of Lapland witches crew and captain fell;
None guess the secret of perfidious fate,
Which all shall know too soon, — yet know too late.

* * *

Comes there no ship again to Greenland's shore?
There comes another; — there shall come no more;

Nor this shall reach a haven: — What are these
Stupendous monuments upon the seas?
Works of Omnipotence, in wondrous forms,
Immovable as mountains in the storms?
Far as Imagination's eye can roll,
One range of Alpine glaciers to the pole
Flanks the whole eastern coast; and, branching wide,
Arches o'er many a league the indignant tide,
That works and frets, with unavailing flow,
To mine a passage to the beach below;
Thence from its neck that winter-yoke to rend,
And down the gulf the crashing fragments send.
There lies a vessel in this realm of frost,
Not wrecked, nor stranded, yet forever lost:
Its keel embedded in the solid mass;
Its glistening sails appear expanded glass;
The transverse ropes with pearls enormous strung,
The yards with icicles grotesquely hung,
Wrapt in the topmost shrouds there rests a boy,
His old sea-faring father's only joy:
Sprung from a race of rovers, ocean-born,
Nursed at the helm, he trod dry land with scorn;
Through fourscore years from port to port he veered,
Quicksand, nor rock, nor foe, nor tempest feared;
Now cast ashore, though like a hulk he lie,
His son at sea is ever in his eye,
And his prophetic thought, from age to age,
Esteems the waves his offspring's heritage:
He ne'er shall know, in his Norwegian cot,
How brief that son's career, how strange his lot;
Writhed round the mast, and sepulchred in air,

Him shall no worm devour, no vulture tear;
Congealed to adamant, his frame shall last,
Though empires change, till time and tide be past.

On deck, in groups embracing as they died,
Singly, erect, or slumbering side by side,
Behold the crew! — They sailed, with hope elate,
For eastern Greenland; till, ensnared by fate,
In toils that mocked their utmost strength and skill
They felt, as by a charm, their ship stand still:
The madness of the wildest gale that blows
Were mercy to that shudder of repose,
When withering horror struck from heart to heart
The blunt rebound of Death's benumbing dart,
And each, a petrifaction at his post,
Looked on yon father, and gave up the ghost:
He, meekly kneeling, with his hands upraised,
His beard of driven snow, eyes fixed and glazed,
Alone among the dead shall yet survive,
The imperishable dead, that seem alive;
The immortal dead, whose spirits, breaking free,
Bore his last words into eternity,
While with a seraph's zeal, a Christian's love,
Till his tongue failed, he spoke of joys above.
Now motionless, amidst the icy air,
He breathes from marble lips unuttered prayer.
The clouds condensed, with dark unbroken hue
Of stormy purple, overhang his view,
Save in the west, to which he strains his sight,
One golden streak, that grows intensely bright,
Till thence the emerging sun, with lightning blaze,

Pours the whole quiver of his arrowy rays:
The smitten rocks to instant diamond turn,
And round the expiring saint such visions burn
As if the gates of Paradise were thrown
Wide open to receive his soul;—'t is flown:
The glory vanishes, and over all
Cimmerian darkness spreads her funeral pall!

Morn shall return, and noon, and eve, and night
Meet here with interchanging shade and light:
But from this bark no timber shall decay,
Of these cold forms no feature pass away;
Perennial ice around the encrusted bow,
The peopled deck, and full-rigged masts, shall grow,
Till from the sun himself the whole be hid,
Or spied beneath a crystal pyramid;
As in pure amber, with divergent lines,
A rugged shell embossed with sea-weed shines.

James Montgomery.

MEXICO.

INTRODUCTORY.

MEXICO.

WHERE Mexic hills the breezy gulf defend,
Spontaneous groves with richer burdens bend:
Anana's stalk its shaggy honors yields;
Acassia's flowers perfume a thousand fields;
Their clustered dates the mast-like palms unfold;
The spreading orange waves a load of gold;
Connubial vines o'ertop the larch they climb;
The long-lived olive mocks the moth of time;
Pomona's pride, that old Grenada claims,
Here smiles and reddens in diviner flames;
Pimento, citron, scent the sky serene;
White, woolly clusters fringe the cotton's green;
The sturdy fig, the frail deciduous cane,
And foodful cocoa fan the sultry plain.
Here, in one view, the same glad branches bring
The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring;
No wintry blasts the unchanging year deform,
Nor beasts unsheltered fear the pinching storm;

But vernal breezes o'er the blossoms rove,
And breathe the ripened juices through the grove.

Joel Barlow.

MEXICO.

FAIR Mexico, that, trembling in her chains,
Saw ruthless strangers waste her peaceful plains,
Where are the stately domes she reared of old,
Her terraced shrines that blazed with gems and gold?
Where her white-feathered chiefs that lined each steep,
Like foamy waves which crest the breezy deep?
Alas! her tale is traced in tears and flame;
Let History blush to write a Cortes' name,
Lo! where the fires ascend from yonder vale!
Ye hear the stake-bound victims' dying wail.
Doth not a groan each turf-clad barrow yield,
From those who fell on red Otumba's field?
While on each murmuring wind that wanders by
Floats royal Montezuma's fruitless sigh.

* * *

Nicholas Michell.

RUINS IN MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

A RUINED city! In the heart
Of the deep wilderness of woods
It stands immured, — where seldom foot
Of passing traveller intrudes.
The groves primeval year by year
Above the spot renew their blooms,
Year after year cast down their wealth
Of foliage in these desert tombs.

Altar and idol here arise
Inscribed with hieroglyphics strange;
Column and pyramid sublime,
Defaced by centuries of change.
Here idols from their pedestals
Displaced by roots of mightiest girth;
There, by a close-embracing branch
Half lifted in the air from earth;
Or from their stations prostrate thrown,
Their huge proportions strew the ground,
With vines and brambles overgrown,
With interlacing creepers bound.

No sound of life! save when at eve
The Indian's hatchet cleaves through wood,
Or trips the Indian damsel by,
Singing to cheer the solitude.
No sound, save when the sobbing breeze
Sighs through the forest's dim arcades,
Or shrill call of the red macaw,
Or parrot's gabble in the glades;
Or when the chattering monkey troop
Glide o'er the tree-tops in their race,
Like wandering spirits of the dead,
Haunting the shadows of the place.

Egypt's colossal skeletons
Of temples and of wondrous shrines,
In the unwatered sands repose,
Where hot the sultry summer shines;
But forests lonely and immense

Enshroud these ruins from the sight,
And with their tangled barriers guard
The hidden secrets from the light.
Tradition has no tale to tell
And science no recórd to give
Of those who reared these ancient walls, —
Of the lost race that here did live.

All desolate these ruins rest,
Like bark that in mid-ocean rolls,
Her name effaced, her masts o'erthrown,
And none remaining of the souls
That once sailed in her, to relate
From what far-distant port she came;
Whither she sailed and what her fate,
And what her nation and her name.
But only may conjecture guess
The fancied story of this place,
And from these crumbling ruins gain
Some knowledge of the vanished race.

The wanderer from foreign land
With awe beholds each mystic spot,
Ruins of unrecorded years,
The relics of a race forgot.
Beneath each gray, sepulchral cairn
He delves to find the heathen bones,
The statues of imperial kings,
The broken monumental stones.
All round are sculptured pedestals
Mid shivered columns wide outspread,
Where mighty roots of forest trees

Spring from the ashes of the dead,
That in their growth had levelled low
The pyramids the soil that strow.

Here flowering creepers, glossy vines,
The shattered monoliths o'erswept,
And flowers mid painted potteries
And shapely urns luxuriant crept.
The dust with antique treasure teems,
Weapons and ornaments of yore,
Great vases carved in arabesques,
Idols, that heathen tribes adore.

Out in the green savanna lands
The prostrate stones in masses lay,
Colossal heads with staring eyes
And fractured limbs of granite gray;
The ruins of a race extinct,
The hieroglyphs of language dead,
Memorials of rites long lost,
The arms, the wealth of empires fled.

The stranger's voice with awe is stilled,
His soul with fascination filled,
When musing in that silent mood,
With sad, gray plains extended round,
Amid the hum of insect life,
Mid trees with scarlet blossoms crowned,
Mid all the bloom and solemn pomp
Of tropic nature's wondrous place,
Amid the temples and the graves
Of a once haughty, vanished race.

Isaac McLellan.

EL PALO SANTO.

IN the deep woods of Mexico,
Where screams the painted paroquet,
Where mocking-birds flit to and fro,
With borrowed notes they half forget;
Where brilliant flowers and poisonous vines
Are mingled in a firm embrace,
And the same gaudy plant entwines
Some reptile of a venomed race;
Where spreads the Itos' chilly shade,
Benumbing, even in summer's heat,
The weary traveller who hath laid
Himself to noonday slumbers sweet;
Where skulks unseen the beast of prey,
The native robber glares and hides,
And treacherous death keeps watch alway
For him who flies or him who bides.

In the deep tropic woods there grows
A tree whose tall and silvery bole
Above the dusky forest shows
As shining as a saintly soul
Among the souls of sinful men,
Lifting its milk-white flowers to heaven,
And breathing incense out, as when
Earth's almost sinless ones are shriven.

The skulking robber drops his eyes,
And signs himself with holy cross,

If far, between him and the skies,
He sees its pearly blossoms toss:
The wanderer halts to gaze upon
The lovely vision far and near,
And smiles and sighs to think of one
He wishes for the moment here.

Nor Mexic native fears the fang,
The poisoned vine, the venomed bee,
If he may soothe the baleful pang
With juices from his "holy tree."

How do we all in life's wild ways,
Which oft we traverse lost and lone,
Need that which heavenward draws the gaze,
Some Palo Santo of our own!

Frances Fuller Victor.

THE FALLEN BRAVE.

FROM cypress and from laurel boughs
Are twined, in sorrow and in pride,
The leaves that deck the mouldering brows
Of those who for their country died:
In sorrow, that the sable pall
Enfolds the valiant and the brave;
In pride that those who nobly fall
Win garlands that adorn the grave.

The onset, the pursuit, the roar
Of victory o'er the routed foe,

Will startle from their rest no more
The fallen brave of Mexico.
To God alone such spirits yield!
He took them in their strength and bloom,
When gathering, on the tented field,
The garlands woven for the tomb.

The shrouded flag, the drooping spear,
The muffled drum, the solemn bell,
The funeral train, the dirge, the bier,
The mourners' sad and last farewell,
Are fading tributes to the worth
Of those whose deeds this homage claim;
But Time, who mingles them with earth,
Keeps green the garlands of their fame.

George P. Morris.

MEXICO.

Acapulco.

THE LOST GALLEON.

IN sixteen hundred and forty-one,
The regular yearly galleon,
Laden with odorous gums and spice,
India cottons and India rice,
And the richest silks of far Cathay,
Was due at Acapulco Bay.

Due she was, and over-due, —
Galleon, merchandise, and crew,
Creeping along through rain and shine,
Through the tropics, under the line.

The trains were waiting outside the walls,
The wives of sailors thronged the town,
The traders sat by their empty stalls,
And the viceroy himself came down;
The bells in the tower were all a-trip,
Te Deums were on each father's lip,

The limes were ripening in the sun
For the sick of the coming galleon.

All in vain. Weeks passed away,
And yet no galleon saw the bay:
India goods advanced in price;
The governor missed his favorite spice;
The señoritas mourned for sandal,
And the famous cottons of Coromandel;
And some for an absent lover lost,
And one for a husband, — Donna Julia,
Wife of the captain, tempest-tossed,
In circumstances so peculiar:
Even the fathers, unawares,
Grumbled a little at their prayers;
And all along the coast that year
Votive candles were scarce and dear.

Never a tear bedims the eye
That time and patience will not dry;
Never a lip is curved with pain
That can't be kissed into smiles again:
And these same truths, as far as I know,
Obtained on the coast of Mexico
More than two hundred years ago,
In sixteen hundred and fifty-one, —
Ten years after the deed was done, —
And folks had forgotten the galleon:
The divers plunged in the Gulf for pearls
White as the teeth of the Indian girls;
The traders sat by their full bazaars;

The mules with many a weary load,
And oxen, dragging their creaking cars,
Came and went on the mountain road.

Where was the galleon all this while:
Wrecked on some lonely coral isle?
Burnt by the roving sea-marauders,
Or sailing north under secret orders?
Had she found the Anian passage famed,
By lying Moldonado claimed,
And sailed through the sixty-fifth degree
Direct to the North Atlantic sea?
Or had she found the "River of Kings,"
Of which De Fonté told such strange things
In sixteen forty? Never a sign,
East or West or under the line,
They saw of the missing galleon;
Never a sail or plank or chip,
They found of the long-lost treasure-ship,
Or enough to build a tale upon.
But when she was lost, and where and how,
Are the facts we 're coming to just now.

Take, if you please, the chart of that day
Published at Madrid, — *por el Rey;*
Look for a spot in the old South Sea,
The hundred and eightieth degree
Longitude, west of Madrid: there,
Under the equatorial glare,
Just where the East and West are one,
You 'll find the missing galleon, —

You 'll find the "San Gregorio," yet
Riding the seas, with sails all set,
Fresh as upon the very day
She sailed from Acapulco Bay.

How did she get there? What strange spell
Kept her two hundred years so well,
Free from decay and mortal taint?
What but the prayers of a patron saint?
A hundred leagues from Manilla town
The "San Gregorio's" helm came down;
Round she went on her heel, and not
A cable's length from a galliot
That rocked on the waters, just abreast
Of the galleon's course, which was west-souwest.

Then said the galleon's commandante,
General Pedro Sobriente
(That was his rank on land and main,
A regular custom of old Spain),
"My pilot is dead of scurvy: may
I ask the longitude, time, and day?"
The first two given and compared;
The third, — the commandante stared!

"The first of June? I make it second."
Said the stranger, "Then you 've wrongly reckoned;
I make it first: as you came this way,
You should have lost — d' ye see — a day;
Lost a day, as plainly see,
On the hundred and eightieth degree."
"Lost a day?" "Yes: if not rude,

When did you make east longitude?"
"On the ninth of May, — our patron's day."
"On the ninth? — you had no ninth of May!
Eighth and tenth was there; but stay" —
Too late; for the galleon bore away.

Lost was the day they should have kept, —
Lost unheeded and lost unwept;
Lost in a way that made search vain,
Lost in the trackless and boundless main;
Lost like the day of Job's awful curse,
In his third chapter, third and fourth verse.
Wrecked was their patron's only day:
What would the holy fathers say?

Said the Fray Antonio Estavan,
The galleon's chaplain, — a learned man, —
"Nothing is lost that you can regain;
And the way to look for a thing is plain
To go where you lost it, back again.
Back with your galleon till you see
The hundred and eightieth degree.
Wait till the rolling year goes round,
And there will the missing day be found;
For you 'll find — if computation 's true —
That sailing east will give to you
Not only one ninth of May, but two, —
One for the good saint's present cheer,
And one for the day we lost last year."

Back to the spot sailed the galleon;
Where, for a twelvemonth, off and on

The hundred and eightieth degree,
She rose and fell on a tropic sea;
But lo! when it came to the ninth of May,
All of a sudden becalmed she lay
One degree from that fatal spot,
Without the power to move a knot;
And of course the moment she lost her way,
Gone was her chance to save that day.

To cut a lengthening story short,
She never saved it. Made the sport
Of evil spirits and baffling wind,
She was always before or just behind, —
One day too soon, or one day too late;
And the sun, meanwhile, would never wait.
She had two eighths, as she idly lay,
Two tenths, but never a ninth of May.
And there she rides through two hundred years
Of dreary penance and anxious fears;
Yet through the grace of the saint she served
Captain and crew are still preserved.

By a computation that still holds good,
Made by the Holy Brotherhood,
The "San Gregorio" will cross that line
In nineteen hundred and thirty-nine, —
Just three hundred years to a day
From the time she lost the ninth of May.
And the folk in Acapulco town,
Over the waters, looking down,
Will see in the glow of the setting sun

The sails of the missing galleon,
And the royal standard of Philip *Rey;*
The gleaming mast and glistening spar,
As she nears the surf of the outer bar.
A *Te Deum* sung on her crowded deck,
An odor of spice along the shore,
A crash, a cry from a shattered wreck, —
And the yearly galleon sails no more
In or out of the olden bay;
For the blessed patron has found his day.

Such is the legend. Hear this truth:
Over the trackless past, somewhere,
Lie the lost days of our tropic youth,
Only regained by faith and prayer,
Only recalled by prayer and plaint.
Each lost day has its patron saint!

Bret Harte.

Buena Vista.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!"
Who is losing? who is winning? — "Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more.
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot
together fall;
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs
the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and
frightful on!
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and
who has won?
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together
fall.
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for
them all!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother,
save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps
of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall,
and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die be-
fore our eyes!

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor
head on my knee:
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou
hear me? canst thou see?
O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look
once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all
is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one
down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his
breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses
said:
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a
soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow
his life away;
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away
her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her
dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his strug-
gling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips
again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and
faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch be-
side her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart
supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" mur-
mured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains: let the cool, gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food.

Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE SOLDIER OF BUENA VISTA.

'TWAS a fearful night when our little band
Camped far away in the Mexican land,
When the first faint light of our watch-fires rose,
In the midst of twenty thousand foes,
In the darkness of Buena Vista.

Oh, twice had risen the morning sun,
Since that fearful, hopeless fight begun,
And twice he had sunk in the blazing west,
And we still fought on, without food or rest,
The fight of Buena Vista.

But the night crept on, and its heavy shade
Brought a pause in the fearful cannonade,
And we watched, oh, a fearful watch we kept,

But we hoped — still hoped — for calmly slept
The soldier of Buena Vista.

We fought and bled till our work was done,
We have worn the meed our valor won;
But alas, one by one, our comrades fall,
And soon in vain shall our country call
For a soldier of Buena Vista.

Henry Morford.

Cholula.

CHOLULA.

WHERE spreads Cholula's plain, beneath the eye
Of Nature's giants towering to the sky,
In mouldering pride, in solemn ruin, stands
That lordly pile, the "Mountain made by hands."
No Attic grace, no Asian pomp, are here;
'T is simply grand, and savagely severe:
Pacing along its base, or climbing slow
Its terraced sides, to scan the scene below,
We feel that Babel's tower could scarce surpass,
In rude wild majesty, this wondrous mass;
That far Chaldæa's sons, or Egypt's kings,
Sent their bold genius here on spirit wings;
For strange, between each nation, seems the tie
Of kindred creeds, of arts, and modes gone by;
Each worshipped day's bright god, and watched afar

From lofty pyramids the midnight star;
Each with ambition burned vast tombs to raise,
Whose secret vaults should stand for endless days;
Yes, deep within this mount the Toltec laid
The bones of monarchs, now to dust decayed:
Primeval race! their story who shall show?
They built, they reigned, they died — is all we know.

Thrice holy temple! immemorial tomb!
Linked with strange fables, and with tales of gloom;
High on its summit stood the sacred cell,
Where, screened from sight, the god was wont to dwell:
Here the stoled priest invoked the powers of air,
His offering burned, and breathed a nation's prayer:
Here, while a paler beam each planet shed,
Mid shouts and music, human victims bled.
The sacred fire — that mystic symbol brought
Perchance from Persia's hills, by magi taught —
Here blazed forever, save that fearful night,
Each rolling age, when priesthood quenched its light,
And trembling thousands, with the vanished ray,
Deemed life would fail, and earth would pass away.

Man, ages, creeds, have melted from those plains;
Now o'er the giant structure quiet reigns.
Spring decks its mouldering sides with many a flower,
That courts the bee at morning's dewy hour.
Where frowned the Toltec's god, the Virgin now
Sheds her meek smile, and Christian votaries bow;
While, sadly sweet, the circling yew-trees wave,
And crosses deck the ancient Pagan's grave.

"Ave Maria!" evening's balmy breeze
Wafts the soft prayer, like music, through the trees;
Mid golden clouds, his curtained couch of sleep,
The sun o'erhangs the vast Pacific deep,
Gilds the far isles that tropic glories bear,
And charms to rest each storm-fiend brooding there.
"Ave Maria!" mountain, plain, and shore
Hear the loud gong, the crowd's mad shout no more;
Soft as an angel's sigh, the bell's low sound
Steals from yon tower, and floats in whispers round.
Day smiles in death, and throws a crimson streak,
Like Beauty's blush, along each snowy peak;
E'en Orizaba's fires ascend on high,
The lurid flames turned roses in the sky.
Mild are the rites, and gentle is the creed,
Thus doomed red Moloch's worship to succeed;
Eve's purple charm, the music of the hour,
Pour on the soul their soft dissolving power,
Melt the full heart, and waft the thoughts above,
On wings of warm devotion, hope, and love.

Nicholas Michell.

Mexico, the City.

MEXICO.

FROM early morning till the midnoon hour
We travelled in the mountains; then a plain
Opened below, and rose upon the sight,
Like boundless ocean from a hill-top seen.

A beautiful and populous plain it was;
Fair woods were there, and fertilizing streams,
And pastures spreading wide, and villages
In fruitful groves embowered, and stately towns,
And many a single dwelling specking it,
As though for many a year the land had been
The land of peace. Below us, where the base
Of the great mountain to the level sloped,
A broad blue lake extended far and wide
Its waters, dark beneath the light of noon.
There Aztlan stood upon the farther shore:
Amid the shade of trees its dwellings rose,
Their level roofs with turrets set around,
And battlements all burnished white, which shone
Like silver in the sunshine. I beheld
The imperial city, her far-circling walls,
Her garden groves and stately palaces,
Her temple's mountain-size, her thousand roofs;
And when I saw her might and majesty
My mind misgave me then.
We reached the shore:
A floating islet waited for me there,
The beautiful work of man. I set my feet
Upon green-growing herbs and flowers, and sate
Embowered in odorous shrubs: four long light boats
Yoked to the garden, with accordant song,
And dip and dash of oar in harmony,
Bore me across the lake.

Robert Southey.

MEXICO.

Thou art beautiful,
Queen of the Valley! thou art beautiful!
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the sun;
Melodious wave thy groves, thy garden-sweets
Enrich the pleasant air, upon the lake
Lie the long shadows of thy towers, and high
In heaven thy temple-pyramids arise,
Upon whose summit now, far visible
Against the clear blue sky, the Cross of Christ
Proclaims unto the nations round the news
Of thy redemption. Thou art beautiful,
Aztlan! O City of the Cymbric Prince!
Long mayest thou flourish in thy beauty, long
Prosper beneath the righteous conqueror,
Who conquers to redeem! Long years of peace
And happiness await thy Lord and thee,
Queen of the Valley!

Robert Southey.

Micoat.

MICOAT.

BUT long ere these fair realms to Cortes bowed,
Or reigned the Aztec, rose the structures proud
Which, more than tomb or temple, form a chain
That links the land to climes beyond the main.

Ah! many a secret of old days lies hid
Beneath the ruined moss-clad pyramid!
On Micoat's plain two stately piles are seen,
Sacred to day's grand orb and night's fair queen,
While north and south less towering structures sweep,
Where chiefs, perchance, and lowlier subjects sleep:
So on far Nubia's waste, on Gizeh's sand,
Small cone-shaped tombs around the mightier stand..
In Tajin's woods where wanderers rare intrude,
A hunter train the wild red deer pursued;
With hound, and echoing tube, they onward press,
But start to see a form of loveliness;
Above the forest, flame-like, springs in air
A graceful tower, like some bright vision there;
From rich-carved base to apex-stone they trace
Egypt's vast strength and Græcia's matchless grace;
Huge blocks, that well might task man's power and skill
To move their bulk, on blocks ascending still!
The pensile flower from every crevice peeps,
Up its fair sides the pale gray lichen creeps.
Some faun or wood-nymph, hovering round the spot,
Hath surely watched this pile, by man forgot,
And, through revolving ages, charmed away
The scythe of Time, the spectre of Decay.

Nicholas Michell.

Monterey.

MONTEREY.

WE were not many, — we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept,
Through walls of flame, its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange-boughs above their grave

Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, — we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He 'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

VICTOR GALBRAITH.

UNDER the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles began to play,
Victor Galbraith!
In the mist of the morning damp and gray,
These were the words they seemed to say:
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!"

Forth he came, with a martial tread;
Firm was his step, erect his head;
Victor Galbraith,
He who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it said:
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sky,
He looked at the files of musketry,
Victor Galbraith!

And he said, with a steady voice and eye,
"Take good aim; I am ready to die!"
Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,
Six leaden balls on their errand sped;
Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead;
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead,
And they only scath
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,
But he rises out of the dust again,
Victor Galbraith!
The water he drinks has a bloody stain;
"Oh, kill me, and put me out of my pain!"
In his agony prayeth
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame,
And the bugler has died a death of shame,
Victor Galbraith!
His soul has gone back to whence it came,
And no one answers to the name,
When the Sergeant saith,
"Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey
By night a bugle is heard to play,
Victor Galbraith!

Through the mist of the valley damp and gray
The sentinels hear the sound, and say,
"That is the wraith
Of Victor Galbraith!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Orizaba.

ORIZABA.

I.

I SAW thee, Orizaba, in my youth,
Morn after morn,
When shot and shell bore death, and future ruth
To many a home forlorn.
And, after War's revolting face
Faded before *el Norte* blast,
Ofttimes I hied me to thy mountain-base,
And, seated near thy swarthy village, framed
Some verses of a legend, — which I lost,
Drifting from place to place;
But now, from their dark lumber-nook reclaimed,
Upon the world's wide ocean they are cast.

II.

A slave in ancient Mexico
Tended a princess through the woods.
Rain suddenly rushed down in floods,
Till wind and darkness ruled below.
Into some wild-beasts' cave the slave conveyed

His fainting charge, and soothed her wild affright;
Tore down great boughs to screen the royal maid,
And at her feet sat watchful through the night.
At dawn the tempest lulled, and cleared away:
They issued forth, and saw the first red ray
On Orizaba's snows, above the cloud-racks gray.

III.

They mark the crimsoning sunrise tinge
The clouds above that mountain peak, —
Like strong blood flushing passion's cheek, —
Then take, below, a yeasty fringe,
Which opens out in many a streak
Of coming light and radiant smiles, —
An ocean-sky, with lovely isles,
Where silent billows flow, and break.

IV.

They watch the peak's clear outline glow!
The clouds with hope's new birthday yearn!
The palpitating silver snow
Glitters, then seems to blush and burn,
And snatch a robe of gleaming gold,
Its swelling bosom to enfold.
That virgin gold took fire before the rise
Of Orizaba's sun, — whose wheel-spokes hurled
Beams that made heaven a furnace of all dyes,
Till life's sustainer burst upon the world!
The slave and princess towards each other pressed, —
Each face was glorified, — each soul confessed!
"I love thee!" cried the slave, — and from that hour
was blest.

Richard Hengist Horne.

Palenque.

PALENQUE.

UNLIKE Copan, yet buried, too, mid trees,
Upspringing there for sumless centuries,
Behold a royal city! vast and lone,
Lost to each race, — to all the world unknown;
Like famed Pompeii, 'neath her lava bed,
Till chance unveiled the "City of the Dead."
Palenque! — dark seat of kings! — as o'er the plain,
Clothed with thick copse, the traveller toils with pain,
Climbs the rude mound the shadowy scene to trace,
He views in mute surprise thy desert grace.
At every step some palace meets his eye,
Some figure frowns, some temple courts the sky.
It seems as if that hour the verdurous earth,
By genii struck, had given these fabrics birth,
Save that old Time hath flung his darkening pall
On each tree-shaded tower and pictured wall.

The royal palace decks its stately mound,
Girt by wild shrubs, by waving thistles crowned;
But strength still breathes throughout the lordly pile,
And lingering beauty sheds a mournful smile.
We walk the rooms where kings and princes met,
Frown on the walls their sculptured portraits yet;
Strange their costume, — ye see no native face,
Lip, brow, and hue bespeak an Ethiop race.
The square stone portals, smooth and glittering floors,

The spacious courts, and sounding corridors,
The picture-writing earliest races learn,
The giant figures, mournful, calm, and stern, —
All point to climes beyond the Eastern sea,
Egypt's old shores, or, far Cathay! to thee:
How the bold ancients crossed the watery way,
By star or needle, 't is not ours to say;
Enough we meet their gorgeous buildings here,
Their picture-art, and creeds of gloom and fear.

Lo! o'er the dense black mass of giant trees
The moon upsprings, and sighs the midnight breeze;
Now looks Palenque — on ruin, ruin piled —
August, yet spectral, — beautiful, yet wild:
The tower, just peering through the foliage green,
Bathed in the beams, a silvery point is seen;
The moss-grown palace, temple dark and still,
The shattered pillar thrown across the rill;
The firefly, darting through the forest shade,
The owl's gray eyes that glare within the glade;
The spells of silence on all earth that lie,
Naught but the cold moon moving in the sky, —
No sight like this may other ruins show;
They wake to wonder, while they melt to woe,
And seem to breathe one voice, — that voice the knell
Of races gone, whose history none may tell.

Nicholas Michell.

Popocatepetl, the Mountain.

POPOCATEPETL.

PALE peak, afar
Gilds thy white pinnacle a single star,
While sharply on the deep blue sky thy snows
In deathlike calm repose.

The nightingale
Through Mira Flores bowers repeats her tale,
And every rose its perfumed censer swings
With vesper offerings.

But not for thee,
Diademed king, this love-born minstrelsy,
Nor yet the tropic gales that gently blow
Through these blessed vales below.

* * *

Deep in thy heart
Burn on vast fires, struggling to rend apart
Their prison walls, and then in wrath be hurled
Blazing upon the world.

In vain conspire
Against thy majesty tempests and fire;
The elemental wars of madness born,
Serene, thou laugh'st to scorn.

Calm art thou now
As when the Aztec, on thine awful brow,

Gazed on some eve like this from Chalco's shore,
Where lives his name no more.

And thou hast seen
Glitter in dark defiles the ominous sheen
Of lances, and hast heard the battle-cry
Of Castile's chivalry.

And yet again
Hast seen strange banners steering o'er the main,
When from his eyrie soared to conquest forth
The eagle of the North.

Yet at thy feet,
While rolling on, the tides of empire beat,
Thou art, O mountain, on thy world-piled throne,
Of all, unchanged alone.

Type of a power
Supreme, thy solemn silence at this hour
Speaks to the nations of the Almighty Word
Which at thy birth was stirred.

Prophet sublime!
Wide on the morning's wings will float the chime
Of martial horns; yet mid the din thy spell
Shall sway me still, — farewell.

William H. Lytle.

Queretaro.

MAXIMILIAN.

NOT with a craven spirit he
Submitted to the harsh decree
That bade him die before his time,
Cut off in manhood's golden prime, —
Poor Maximilian!

And some who marked his noble mien,
His dauntless heart, his soul serene,
Have deemed they saw a martyr die,
And chorused forth the solemn cry,
"Great Maximilian!"

Alas! Ambition was his sin;
He staked his life a throne to win;
Counted amiss the fearful cost
(As chiefs have done before), — and lost!
Rash Maximilian!

'T is not the victim's tragic fate,
Nor calm endurance, makes him great;
Mere lust of empire and renown
Can never claim the martyr's crown,
Brave Maximilian!

Alas! it fell, that, in thy aim
To win a sovereign's power and fame,

Thy better nature lost its force,
And royal crimes disgraced thy course,
King Maximilian!

Alas! what ground for mercy's plea
In his behalf, whose fell decree
Gave soldiers unto felons' graves,
And freemen to the doom of slaves, —
Fierce Maximilian?

I loathe the rude, barbaric wrath
That slew thee in thy venturous path;
But "they who take," thus saith the Lord,
"Shall also perish by the sword,"
Doomed Maximilian!

But, when I think upon the scene, —
Thy fearful fate, thy wretched queen, —
And mark how bravely thou didst die,
I breathe again the pitying sigh,
"Poor Maximilian!"

John Godfrey Saxe.

MAXIMILIAN AT QUERETARO.

THE scion of immemorial lines,
August with histories hoary,
Whose grand, imperial heirship shines
With the starriest names of story, —
Stands doomed to die: — and the grenadiers
In serried and silent column,

Their pitiless eyes half hazed with tears,
Are waiting the signal solemn.

The brave young Emperor lifts his brow, —
It never has shown so regal;
Yet it is not the pride of the Hapsburg now,
Nor the glance of the clefted eagle.
No blazing coronet binds his head,
No ermined purple is round him;
But his manhood's majesty instead
With royaller rank has crowned him.

An instant's space he is caught away
To Schönbrunn's peaceful bowers;
There 's a lightning-dazzle of boyhood's day;
Vienna's glittering towers
Flash back with a mocking, blinding glare;
To barter such princely splendor,
For wrecked ambition and stark despair,
Betrayal and base surrender!

Wild, infinite, taunting memories thrill
His soul to its molten centre;
Remorses that madden him clamor still,
But he will not let them enter.
The grovelling traffic of time all done,
He would have the temple lonely,
Its sanctuaries emptied one by one,
That God may fill it only.

But under the Austrian skies afar,
Aglow with a light elysian,

The mullioned windows of Miramar
  Loom out on his tortured vision:
He looks on its gray abeles again;
  He is threading its pleachèd alleys;
He is guiding his darling's slackened rein,
  As they scour the dimpled valleys.

He can gaze his last on the earth and sky,—
  Step forth to his doom, nor shiver,—
Eternity front his steadfast eye,
  And never a muscle quiver:
But love's heart-rackings, despairs, and tears
  Wrench the fixt lips asunder;
"My poor Carlotta!"—Now, grenadiers,
  Your volley may belch its thunder!

Margaret Junkin Preston.

Rio Grande (Rio Bravo) del Norte.

RIO GRANDE DEL NORTE.

At length we came
Where the great river, amid shoals and banks
And islands, growth of its own gathering spoils,
Through many a branching channel, wide and full,
Rushed to the main. The gale was strong; and safe,
Amid the uproar of conflicting tides,
Our gallant vessels rode. A stream as broad
And turbid, when it leaves the Land of Hills,

Old Severn rolls; but banks so fair as these
Old Severn views not in his Land of Hills,
Nor even where his turbid waters swell
And sully the salt sea.
So we sailed on
By shores now covered with impervious woods,
Now stretching wide and low, a reedy waste,
And now through vales where earth profusely poured
Her treasures, gathered from the first of days.
Sometimes a savage tribe would welcome us,
By wonder from their lethargy of life
Awakened; then again we voyaged on
Through tracts all desolate, for days and days,
League after league, one green and fertile mead,
That fed a thousand herds.
A different scene
Rose on our view, of mount on mountain piled,
Which when I see again in memory,
Star-gazing Idris's stupendous seat
Seems dwarfed, and Snowdon with its eagle haunts
Shrinks, and is dwindled like a Saxon hill.

Robert Southey.

RIO BRAVO.

RIO Bravo! Rio Bravo!
Saw men ever such a sight,
Since the field of Roncesvalles
Sealed the fate of many a knight?

Dark is Palo Alto's story,
Sad Resaca Palma's rout;

On those fatal fields so gory
Many a gallant life went out.

There our best and bravest lances,
Shivered 'gainst the Northern steel,
Left the valiant hearts that couched them
'Neath the Northern charger's heel.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo!
Minstrel ne'er knew such a fight,
Since the field of Roncesvalles
Sealed the fate of many a knight.

Rio Bravo, fatal river!
Saw ye not, while red with gore,
Torrejon all headless quiver,
A ghastly trunk upon thy shore?

Heard you not the wounded coursers,
Shrieking on your trampled banks,
As the Northern winged artillery
Thundered on our shattered ranks?

There Arista, best and bravest,
There Raguena, tried and true,
On the fatal field thou lavest,
Nobly did all men could do.

Vainly there those heroes rally,
Castile on Montezuma's shore.
"Rio Bravo" — "Roncesvalles,"
Ye are names blent evermore.

Weepest thou, lorn lady Inez,
For thy lover mid the slain?
Brave La Vega's trenchant falchion
Cleft his slayer to the brain.

Brave La Vega, who, all lonely,
By a host of foes beset,
Yielded up his sabre only,
When his equal there he met.

Other champions not less noted
Sleep beneath that sullen wave;
Rio Bravo! thou hast floated
An army to an ocean grave.

On they came, those Northern horsemen,
On like eagles toward the sun;
Followed then the Northern bayonet,
And the field was lost and won.

Oh for Orlando's horn to rally
His Paladins on that sad shore!
"Rio Bravo" — "Roncesvalles,"
Ye are names blent evermore.

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

Tuloom, Yucatan.

TULOOM.

"The figure of the human hand is used by the North American Indians to denote supplication to the Deity or Great Spirit; and it stands in the system of picture-writing as the symbol for strength, power, or mastery, thus derived." — Schoolcraft.

ON the coast of Yucatan,
As untenanted of man,
As a castle under ban
By a doom
For the deeds of bloody hours, —
Overgrown with tropic bowers,
Stand the teocallis towers
Of Tuloom.

One of these is fair to sight,
Where it pinnacles a height;
And the breakers blossom white,
As they boom
And split beneath the walls,
And an ocean murmur falls
Through the melancholy halls
Of Tuloom.

On the summit, as you stand,
All the ocean and the land
Stretch away on either hand,
But the plume

Of the palm is overhead,
And the grass, beneath your tread,
Is the monumental bed
Of Tuloom.

All the grandeur of the woods,
And the greatness of the floods,
And the sky that overbroods,
Dress a tomb,
Where the stucco drops away,
And the bat avoids the day,
In the chambers of decay
In Tuloom.

They are battlements of death:
When the breezes hold their breath,
Down a hundred feet beneath,
In the flume
Of the sea, as still as glass,
You can see the fishes pass
By the promontory mass
Of Tuloom.

Towards the forest is displayed,
On the terrace, a façade
With devices overlaid;
And the bloom
Of the vine of sculpture, led
O'er the soffit overhead,
Was a fancy of the dead
Of Tuloom.

Here are corridors, and there,
From the terrace, goes a stair;
And the way is broad and fair
To the room
Where the inner altar stands;
And the mortar's tempered sands
Bear the print of human hands,
In Tuloom.

O'er the sunny ocean swell,
The canóas running well
Towards the isle of Cozumel
Cleave the spume;
On they run, and never halt
Where the shimmer, from the salt,
Makes a twinkle in the vault
Of Tuloom.

When the night is wild and dark,
And a roar is in the park,
And the lightning, to its mark,
Cuts the gloom, —
All the region, on the sight,
Rushes upward from the night,
In a thunder-crash of light
O'er Tuloom.

Oh! could such a flash recall
All the flamens to their hall,
All the idols on the wall,
In the fume

Of the Indian sacrifice, —
All the lifted hands and eyes,
All the laughters and the cries
Of Tuloom, —

All the kings in feathered pride,
All the people, like a tide,
And the voices of the bride
And the groom! —
But, alas! the prickly pear,
And the owlets of the air,
And the lizards, make a lair
Of Tuloom.

We are tenants on the strand
Of the same mysterious land.
Must the shores that we command
Reassume
Their primeval forest hum,
And the future pilgrim come
Unto monuments as dumb
As Tuloom?

'T is a secret of the clime,
And a mystery sublime,
Too obscure, in coming time,
To presume;
But the snake amid the grass
Hisses at us as we pass,
And we sigh, alas! alas!
In Tuloom.

E. W. Ellsworth.

Uxmal, Yucatan.

CONTEMPLATION ON THE UXMAL RUINS.

APPROACH and pause, — there is a feeling here
That stifles words and half provokes a tear;
That comes abroad with wonder overcast,
And coldly points to a mysterious past;
Like to some jewels rare whose each bright face
Doth mock the poor dead fingers they encase,
Or dungeon's gloom that here and there hath won
A stream of light from some far-distant sun, —
So these strewn fragments pour their pregnant rays,
And speak of distant worlds and mightier days,
Of vast conditions with their human seas,
Of golden cities and voluptuous ease,
When was the pile that now such sadness wings
The awe of peoples and the pride of kings.

And such the fall that even nations know,
The gilt of thrones at best a fleeting show;
Thus Life and Death by Time are borne along,
Reactions each of Virtue and of Wrong;
Pause then and weep, — the place is all a grave,
The sepulchre of sovereign and of slave;
Here pride and state resolve to humble dust,
The toys and tools of luxury and lust,
And power that erst could dazzle and dethrone
Resigns its sceptre to a crumbling stone.

Is this the finis then of human might,
And this the fall from man's remotest height,
Proud man who loves his filmy waifs to flaunt,
Replete with his own littleness and want?
Approach, vain god, and scan this empty scroll!
And earthiness behold thy earthy goal,
The consummation of a common lot,
Alike dismembered — and alike forgot.

Ah, this is not the all of human strife,
'T is but a page and not the book of life!
O God of Law! we bless thee for the text
That makes this world a preface to the next!
A pilgrimage of one short day and night,
An infant school, a fledgling's trial flight,
Where Sense can catch a taste of Heaven's sea,
And Mind a glimmer of the vast to be,
Yet store each deed and thought from very birth
In the great garner of immortal worth.

V. Voldo.

UXMAL.

THE seas are passed Columbus ploughed of yore,
A course he deemed no pilot traced before;
And gales blow fragrance from those Indian Isles,
Where luxury dwells, and soft allurement smiles;
Yet, spite of fruits that bloom, and flowers that wave,
There fell Disease in mockery digs her grave.
Across the gulf tall vessels steer their way,
Or court the breezes down Honduras' bay;
Like clouds of snow, the restless feathered flocks

Skim the blue surge, or settle on the rocks.
The white man's axe in yon deep forest sounds,
Up the green steep the buskined hunter bounds.
Peace smiles on Yucatan, and Autumn throws
O'er wood and waste her richness and repose;
The trees' deep brown, the lemon's amber hue,
The bloomy grape that never culture knew,
The golden gourd, the sugar-dropping cane,
The watered valley, and the boundless plain, —
Such are the sights this lonely tract displays,
That soothe the spirit while they charm the gaze.

World! wrongly called the New — this clime was old
When first the Spaniard came, in search of gold.
Age after age its shadowy wings had spread,
And man was born, and gathered to the dead;
Cities arose, ruled, dwindled to decay,
Empires were formed, then darkly swept away:
Race followed race, like cloud-shades o'er the field,
The stranger still to strangers doomed to yield.
The last grand line that swayed these hills and waves,
Like Israel, wandered long mid wilds and caves,
Then, settling in their Canaan, cities reared,
Fair science wooed, a milder God revered,
Till to invading Europe bowed their pride,
And pomp, art, power, with Montezuma died.

The dense wild wood that hid the royal seat,
The lofty palms that choked the winding street,
Man's hand hath felled, and now, in day's fair light,
Uxmal's broad ruins burst upon the sight.

City! whose date, whose builders are unknown,
Gracing the wild, mysterious and alone,
Unchronicled thy name on History's page,
No legend left our fancies to engage;
Gazing around, we task the busy brain,
And who thy dwellers were, demand in vain:
The painted snakes that gleam on yonder wall,
The Hivites' worship haply might recall,
When, driven by Israel from their fatherland,
They steered the seas, and sought some Western strand.
That house, where burned the sacred fire, may tell
Of Eastern climes, where Magi wove their spell;
While the tall pyramid, with temple crowned,
And sculptured forms with flowing girdles bound,
Speak of the Nile, — vain dreams! the mind is lost,
And on a shoreless sea of fancies tost.

Yet Uxmal's ruins no dark aspect wear,
Beauty and grace with Time are struggling there.
The smooth stone palace rears its front of white,
Its checkered floors, broad courts, are bathed in light;
Flowers deck the pyramid's high mouldering side, —
On many a wall the aloe lifts its pride;
Fluttering in air, or glittering on some tomb,
The bird of monarchs spreads its purple plume.
So sweetly sad, so silently serene,
The shades of ancients well might haunt the scene,
Or elves by moonlight hold their revels here,
Play with the beams, and drink the violet's tear;
Dance round the rose, or climb the lily's stem,
Deeming that shadowy city built for them.

Nicholas Michell.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

Copan, Guatemala.

COPAN.

PASS we yon wilds where Ruin sternly lowers,
And covering roofs of shrines and lofty towers,
Ages have heaped the soil, till spreading trees
Have rooted there, and murmur to the breeze.
Southward we press, where, screened from noontide's beam,
Flows through dense woods Copan's pellucid stream;
Here their rich blooms the cassia's stems unfold,
And parrots spread their wings of green and gold.
This wooded landscape, picturesque and wild,
Might charm the breast of Nature's fervid child, —
A desert of all beauteous things, — bees, flowers,
Fruits on the boughs, and odors in the bowers;
The green leaves whispering, as by spirits stirred,
The mellow note from some gay-plumaged bird;
Paths rarely trod by man, — the sparry cave,
The trees that bend to sip the glassy wave, —
All form a Paradise where Love might dwell,
And glowing Fancy weave her brightest spell.

What shines through yonder glades? approach with awe,
A scene like this the Old World never saw.
City of shrines! the sainted and the blest!
Dark home of priests, the Mecca of the West!
As starting through the forest's tangled maze,
Thy countless pillars meet the wondering gaze,
Some crushed by trees, and some by lightning riven,
These prostrate laid, those looking still to heaven,
Each carved with forms whose meaning none may know,
Each looking on its altar spread below,
We scarce feel pleasure, but a shrinking fear,
As borne by demons to some darker sphere,
And these were works of foul and hellish pride,
Where ghouls might dwell, and pale-eyed phantoms glide.
Then, too, the lines of Death's heads glistening white,
Marking each ancient tomb's long-mouldered site,
Chill while we gaze, and tell how stern were those
Who bade their fathers in such graves repose.
Yes, o'er Copan drear Mystery spreads its veil;
What was its worship? — ask the sighing gale!
Ask of those crumbling altars moss-o'ergrown,
Those dim carved shapes, — those idol blocks of stone!
Naught do they answer; darkness still must reign
Above the trackless wood and solemn plain.

Nicholas Michell.

COPAN.

FAR in the wildest quinine wood
We found a city old, — so old,
Its very walls were turned to mould,
And stately trees upon them stood.
No history has mentioned it,
No map has given it a place;
The last dim trace of tribe and race, —
The world's forgetfulness is fit.

It held one structure grand and mossed,
Mighty as any castle sung,
And old when oldest Ind was young,
With threshold Christian never crossed;
A temple builded to the sun,
Along whose sombre altar-stone
Brown bleeding virgins had been strown
Like leaves, when leaves are crisp and dun,
In ages ere the Sphinx was born,
Or Babylon had birth or morn.

Joaquin Miller.

COPAN.

OR more remote in forests of Copan
Are ancient sites of ruined, stone-built cities,
Where tumbling walls and statues yet well-poised,
Or fallen half buried in the rank, black soil,

Greet with mysterious mockery every eye
That looks upon their marble solitude;
While each grim figure with time-mouldered lines
Seems striving still to tell its marvellous tale.

Robert Leighton.

Nicaragua.

IN NICARAGUA.

HOW wound we through the solid wood,
With all its broad boughs hung in green,
With lichen-mosses trailed between!
How waked the spotted beasts of prey,
Deep sleeping from the face of day,
And dashed them like a troubled flood
Down some defile and denser wood!

And snakes, long, lithe, and beautiful
As green and graceful-boughed bamboo,
Did twist and twine them through and through
The boughs that hung red-fruited full.
One, monster-sized, above me hung,
Close eyed me with his bright pink eyes,
Then raised his folds, and swayed and swung,
And licked like lightning his red tongue,
Then oped his wide mouth with surprise;
He writhed and curved, and raised and lowered
His folds like liftings of the tide,

And sank so low I touched his side,
As I rode by, with my broad sword.

The trees shook hands high overhead,
And bowed and intertwined across
The narrow way, while leaves and moss
And luscious fruit, gold-hued and red,
Through all the canopy of green,
Let not one sunshaft shoot between.

Birds hung and swung, green-robed and red,
Or drooped in curved lines dreamily,
Rainbows reversed, from tree to tree,
Or sang low-hanging overhead, —
Sang low, as if they sang and slept,
Sang faint, like some far waterfall,
And took no note of us at all,
Though nuts that in the way were spread
Did crush and crackle as we stept.

Wild lilies, tall as maidens are,
As sweet of breath, as pearly fair,
As fair as faith, as pure as truth,
Fell thick before our every tread,
As in a sacrifice to ruth,
And all the air with perfume filled
More sweet than ever man distilled.
The ripened fruit a fragrance shed
And hung in hand-reach overhead,
In nest of blossoms on the shoot,
The bending shoot that bore the fruit.

How ran the monkeys through the leaves!
How rushed they through, brown-clad and blue,
Like shuttles hurried through and through
The threads a hasty weaver weaves!

How quick they cast us fruits of gold,
Then loosened hand and all foothold,
And hung limp, limber, as if dead,
Hung low and listless overhead;
And all the time, with half-oped eyes
Bent full on us in mute surprise, —
Looked wisely too, as wise hens do
That watch you with the head askew.

The long days through from blossomed trees
There came the sweet song of sweet bees,
With chorus-tones of cockatoo
That slid his beak along the bough,
And walked and talked and hung and swung,
In crown of gold and coat of blue,
The wisest fool that ever sung,
Or had a crown, or held a tongue.

Oh, when we broke the sombre wood
And pierced at last the sunny plain,
How wild and still with wonder stood
The proud mustangs with bannered mane,
And necks that never knew a rein,
And nostrils lifted high, and blown,
Fierce breathing as a hurricane:
Yet by their leader held the while

In solid column, square, and file,
And ranks more martial than our own!

Some one above the common kind,
Some one to look to, lean upon,
I think is much a woman's mind;
But it was mine, and I had drawn
A rein beside the chief while we
Rode through the forest leisurely;
When he grew kind and questioned me
Of kindred, home, and home affair,
Of how I came to wander there,
And had my father herds and land
And men in hundreds at command?
At which I silent shook my head,
Then, timid, met his eyes and said,
"Not so. Where sunny foot-hills run
Down to the North Pacific sea,
And Willamette meets the sun
In many angles, patiently
My father tends his flocks of snow,
And turns alone the mellow sod,
And sows some fields not over broad,
And mourns my long delay in vain,
Nor bids one serve-man come or go;
While mother from her wheel or churn,
And may be from the milking shed,
There lifts an humble weary head
To watch and wish for my return
Across the camas' blossomed plain."

He held his bent head very low,
A sudden sadness in his air;
Then turned and touched my yellow hair
And took the long locks in his hand,
Toyed with them, smiled, and let them go,
Then thrummed about his saddle-bow
As thought ran swift across his face;
Then turning sudden from his place,
He gave some short and quick command.
They brought the best steed of the band,
They swung a bright sword at my side,
He bade me mount and by him ride,
And from that hour to the end
I never felt the need of friend.

Joaquin Miller.

WALKER'S GRAVE.

I LAY this crude wreath on his dust,
Inwove with sad, sweet memories
Recalled here by these colder seas.
I leave the wild bird with his trust,
To sing and say him nothing wrong;
I wake no rivalry of song.

He lies low in the levelled sand,
Unsheltered from the tropic sun,
And now of all he knew not one
Will speak him fair in that far land.
Perhaps 't was this that made me seek,
Disguised, his grave one winter-tide;

A weakness for the weaker side,
A siding with the helpless weak.

A palm not far held out a hand,
Hard by a long green bamboo swung,
And bent like some great bow unstrung,
And quivered like a willow wand;
Beneath a broad banana's leaf,
Perched on its fruits that crooked hang,
A bird in rainbow splendor sang
A low sad song of tempered grief.

No sod, no sign, no cross nor stone,
But at his side a cactus green
Upheld its lances long and keen;
It stood in hot red sands alone,
Flat-palmed and fierce with lifted spears;
One bloom of crimson crowned its head,
A drop of blood, so bright, so red,
Yet redolent as roses' tears.
In my left hand I held a shell,
All rosy lipped and pearly red;
I laid it by his lowly bed,
For he did love so passing well
The grand songs of the solemn sea.
O shell! sing well, wild, with a will,
When storms blow loud and birds be still,
The wildest sea-song known to thee!

I said some things, with folded hands,
Soft whispered in the dim sea-sound,

And eyes held humbly to the ground,
And frail knees sunken in the sands.
He had done more than this for me,
And yet I could not well do more:
I turned me down the olive shore,
And set a sad face to the sea.

Joaquin Miller.

SOUTH AMERICA.

INTRODUCTORY.

SOUTH AMERICA.

WHEN o'er the Atlantic wild, rocked by the blast,
Sad Lusitania's exiled sovereign passed,
Reft of her pomp, from her paternal throne
Cast forth, and wandering to a clime unknown,
To seek a refuge on that distant shore,
That once her country's legions dyed with gore;—
Sudden, methought, high towering o'er the flood,
Hesperian world! thy mighty genius stood;
Where spread, from cape to cape, from bay to bay,
Serenely blue, the vast Pacific lay;
And the huge Cordilleras to the skies
With all their burning summits seemed to rise.
Then the stern spirit spoke, and to his voice
The waves and woods replied: Mountains, rejoice!
Thou solitary sea, whose billows sweep
The margin of my forests, dark and deep,
Rejoice! the hour is come: the mortal blow,

That smote the golden shrines of Mexico,
In Europe is avenged; and thou, proud Spain,
Now hostile hosts insult thy own domain;
Now Fate, vindictive, rolls, with refluent flood,
Back on thy shores the tide of human blood,
Think of my murdered millions! of the cries
That once I heard from all my kingdoms rise;
Of Famine's feeble plaint, of Slavery's tear; —
Think, too, if Valor, Freedom, Fame, be dear,
How my Antarctic sons, undaunted, stood,
Exacting groan for groan, and blood for blood;
And shouted, (may the sounds be hailed by thee!)
Tyrants, the virtuous and the brave are free!

William Lisle Bowles.

SOUTH AMERICA.

O LAND of wonders! full of all that 's fair,
Sublime, and beautiful, in earth and air,
As thus, thou new-found world! from main to main,
We sweep, with Fancy's eye, vast hill and plain,
On every side still countless ruins start,
To trace whose grandeur mocks the poet's art.
From far Magellan's Straits to rich Peru,
Where Cuzco's palaces the desert strew;
Along the Andes piled, where modern man
Hath rarely climbed the awful scenes to scan;
From Amazon and Plata's sun-bright streams,
To Northern woods where scarcely daylight gleams;
Thence to the Western lakes, and mountain peaks,

Where, in his cloud-rocked home, the eagle shrieks;
Relics of men unknown, and times of old,
Raising our awe, our wonder, we behold.
Mound, stately pyramid, and pictured wall,
That Asia's creed and Egypt's art recall;
Embattled towers, with ivy-banners gay,
And shrines that reptiles halve with grim Decay;
These nameless wrecks, to darkness long consigned,
Prompt to strange thought the curious, musing mind;
When built? and who their founders? — patient lore
To solve the question fails, the task gives o'er;
E'en daring Fancy scarce attempts to raise
The shadowy veil of long-departed days.

Nicholas Michell.

THE REVENGE OF AMERICA.

WHEN fierce Pizarro's legions flew
O'er ravaged fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful Genius rose.
He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
And heard a thousand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To see huge Plata foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, stamped the ground,
To view his cities smoking round.
"What woes," he cried, "hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely rolled;
Plunderers, proceed! my bowels tear,

But ye shall meet destruction there;
From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
The insatiate fiend, pale Avarice,
Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I see all Europe's children cursed
With lucre's universal thirst;
The rage that sweeps my sons away,
My baneful gold shall well repay."

Joseph Warton.

YERBA MATE.

AMID those marshy woodlands far and wide
Which spread beyond the soaring vulture's eye,
There grew on Empalado's southern side
Groves of that tree whose leaves adust supply
The Spaniards with their daily luxury;
A beverage whose salubrious use obtains
Through many a land of mines and slavery,
Even over all La Plata's sea-like plains,
And Chili's mountain realm, and proud Peru's domains.

But better for the injured Indian race
Had woods of manchineel the land o'erspread:
Yea, in that tree so blest by Nature's grace
A direr curse had they inherited,
Than if the Upas there had reared its head
And sent its baleful scions all around,
Blasting where'er its effluent force was shed,
In air and water, and the infected ground,
All things wherein the breath or sap of life is found.

The poor Guaranies dreamt of no such ill,
When for themselves in miserable hour,
The virtues of that leaf, with pure good-will,
They taught their unsuspected visitor,
New in the land as yet. They learnt his power
Too soon, which law nor conscience could restrain,
A fearless but inhuman conqueror,
Heart-hardened by the accursed lust of gain,
O fatal thirst of gold! O foul reproach for Spain!

For gold and silver had the Spaniards sought,
Exploring Paraguay with desperate pains,
Their way through forests axe in hand they wrought;
Drenched from above by unremitting rains
They waded over inundated plains,
Forward by hope of plunder still allured;
So they might one day count their golden gains,
They cared not at what cost of sin procured,
All dangers they defied, all sufferings they endured.

Barren alike of glory and of gold
That region proved to them; nor would the soil
Unto their unindustrious hands unfold
Harvests, the fruit of peace, — and wine and oil,
The treasures that repay contented toil
With health and weal; treasures that with them bring
No guilt for priest and penance to assoil,
Nor with their venom arm the awakened sting
Of conscience at that hour when life is vanishing.

But keen of eye in their pursuit of gain
The conquerors looked for lucre in this tree:

An annual harvest there might they attain,
Without the cost of annual industry.
'T was but to gather in what there grew free
And share Potosi's wealth. Nor thence alone.
But gold in glad exchange they soon should see
From all that once the Incas called their own,
Or where the Zippa's power or Zaque's laws were known.

For this, in fact though not in name a slave,
The Indian from his family was torn;
And droves on droves were sent to find a grave
In woods and swamps, by toil severe outworn,
No friend at hand to succor or to mourn,
In death unpitied, as in life unblest.
O miserable race, to slavery born!
Yet when we look beyond this world's unrest,
More miserable then the oppressors than the opprest.

Robert Southey.

SOUTH AMERICA

Amazon, the River (Orellana).

THE RIVER AMAZON.

IN roaring cataracts down Andes' channelled steeps
Mark how enormous Orellana sweeps!
Monarch of mighty floods! supremely strong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff, he whirls along,
Swoln with an hundred hills' collected snows:
Thence over nameless regions widely flows,
Round fragrant isles, and citron-groves,
Where still the naked Indian roves,
And safely builds his leafy bower,
From slavery far, and curst Iberian power.

Joseph Warton.

THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.

IN that black forest, where, when day is done,
With a snake's stillness glides the Amazon
Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,
The long, despairing moan of solitude
And darkness and the absence of all good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound so drear,
So full of hopeless agony and fear,
His heart stands still and listens like his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll,
Starts, drops his oar against the gunwale's thole,
Crosses himself, and whispers, "A lost soul!"

"No, Señor, not a bird. I know it well, —
It is the pained soul of some infidel
Or cursèd heretic that cries from hell.

"Poor fool! with hope still mocking his despair,
He wanders, shrieking on the midnight air
For human pity and for Christian prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb! Our Holy Mother hath
No prayer for him who, sinning unto death,
Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath!"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,
Lending new horror to that mournful cry,
The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp: shadows deepen round,
From giant trees with snake-like creepers wound,
And the black water glides without a sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense
Of nature plastic to benign intents,
And an eternal good in Providence,

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes;
And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous cries,
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic skies!

"Father of all!" he urges his strong plea,
"Thou lovest all; thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!

"All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that Presence, which is everywhere,
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.

"Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

"Wilt thou not make, Eternal Source and Goal!
In thy long years, life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul?"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Andes, the Mountains.

THE ANDES.

Beyond the misty main
The weary eye scarce wanders, when behold
Plata, through vaster territory poured;
And Andes, sweeping the horizon's tract,
Mightiest of mountains! whose eternal snows

Feel not the nearer sun; whose umbrage chills
The murmuring ocean; whose volcanic fires
A thousand nations view, hung like the moon
High in the middle waste of heaven; thy range,
Shading far off the Southern hemisphere,
A dusky file Titanic.

William Lisle Bowles.

THE VALLEY IN THE ANDES.

BENEATH aerial cliffs and glittering snows
The rush-roof of an aged warrior rose,
Chief of the mountain tribes: high overhead,
The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread,
Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,
And Chillan trailed its smoke and smouldering fires.
A glen beneath, a lonely spot of rest,
Hung, scarce discovered, like an eagle's nest.
Summer was in its prime; — the parrot-flocks
Darkened the passing sunshine on the rocks;
The chrysomel and purple butterfly,
Amid the clear blue light, are wandering by;
The humming-bird, along the myrtle bowers,
With twinkling wing, is spinning o'er the flowers,
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
The mock-bird sings, — and all beside is still.
And look! the cataract that bursts so high,
As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends;

Through whose illumined spray and sprinkling dews
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.
Checkering, with partial shade, the beams of noon,
And arching the gray rock with wild festoon,
Here its gay network and fantastic twine
The purple cogul threads from pine to pine,
And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
There, through the trunks with moss and lichens white,
The sunshine darts its interrupted light,
And, mid the cedar's darksome boughs, illumes,
With instant touch, the Lori's scarlet plumes.

William Lisle Bowles.

MORNING ON THE ANDES.

'TIS dawn; — the distant Andes' rocky spires,
One after one, have caught the orient fires.
Where the dun condor shoots his upward flight,
His wings are touched with momentary light.
Meantime, beneath the mountains' glittering heads,
A boundless ocean of gray vapor spreads,
That o'er the champaign, stretching far below,
Moves now, in clustered masses, rising slow,
Till all the living landscape is displayed
In various pomp of color, light, and shade,
Hills, forests, rivers, lakes, and level plain
Lessening in sunshine to the southern main.
The llama's fleece fumes with ascending dew;
The gem-like humming-birds their toils renew;

And there, by the wild river's devious side,
The tall flamingo, in its crimson pride,
Stalks on, in richest plumage bright arrayed,
With snowy neck superb, and legs of lengthening shade.

William Lisle Bowles.

CHURCH'S "HEART OF THE ANDES."

TRAVERSE the oceans, seek for unknown strands;
With great explorers ride through marvellous lands;
Walk with the poet where his kingdom lies, —
A realm of light beneath enchanted skies;
Between bright islands sail the spicy seas,
Beside the mighty-hearted Genoese;
Conquer with Cortes the barbaric states,
And pass through El Dorado's golden gates;
Shout with the great Balboa and his crew,
What time a new sea sparkles into view;
With Ponce de Leon seek the fabled stream
Through flowery valleys brighter than his dream;
But never any sight of new-found land
Shall equal this, where we entrancèd stand,
With dewy eyes and overflowing heart,
Gazing from the exalted hill of Art!

This is not sorrowing Italy, nor these
The storied windings of the Pyrenees,
Nor are yon high and trackless realms of snow
The over-travelled Alps, the guide-man's show!
But these, in depth of equatorial green,

Are the fresh Cordilleras, where between
Wander bewildering rivers, dancing down
Their rocky terraces of golden brown,
Clapping their watery hands. About the falls
The trees are wreathed like happy bacchanals.
Here blooms a world that fears nor cold nor drouth,
The lavish luxury of the teeming South,
The carnival of summer, far and near,
In lands where summer lords it all the year;
And over all, his Andean front aglow,
Great Chimborazo sits, his throne of snow!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

Brazil.

FREEDOM IN BRAZIL.

WITH clearer light, Cross of the South, shine forth
In blue Brazilian skies;
And thou, O river, cleaving half the earth
From sunset to sunrise,
From the great mountains to the Atlantic waves
Thy joy's long anthem pour.
Yet a few days (God make them less!) and slaves
Shall shame thy pride no more.
No fettered feet thy shaded margins press;
But all men shall walk free
Where thou, the high-priest of the wilderness,
Hast wedded sea to sea.

And thou, great-hearted ruler, through whose mouth
The word of God is said,
Once more, "Let there be light!" — Son of the South,
Lift up thy honored head,
Wear unashamed a crown by thy desert
More than by birth thy own,
Careless of watch and ward; thou art begirt
By grateful hearts alone.
The moated wall and battle-ship may fail,
But safe shall justice prove;
Stronger than greaves of brass or iron mail
The panoply of love.

Crowned doubly by man's blessing and God's grace,
Thy future is secure;
Who frees a people makes his statue's place
In Time's Valhalla sure.
Lo! from his Neva's banks the Scythian Czar
Stretches to thee his hand,
Who, with the pencil of the Northern star,
Wrote freedom on his land.
And he whose grave is holy by our calm
And prairied Sangamon,
From his gaunt hand shall drop the martyr's palm
To greet thee with "Well done!"

And thou, O Earth, with smiles thy face make sweet,
And let thy wail be stilled,
To hear the Muse of prophecy repeat
Her promise half fulfilled.
The Voice that spake at Nazareth speaks still,

No sound thereof hath died;
Alike thy hope and Heaven's eternal will
Shall yet be satisfied.
The years are slow, the vision tarrieth long,
And far the end may be;
But, one by one, the fiends of ancient wrong
Go out and leave thee free.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AGASSIZ IN BRAZIL.

THE crimson monads of the deep,
The flying-fish with fitful leap,
Assai palms of matchless grace,
The giant in the vine's embrace, —
These were his books while journeying on
To read the unknown Amazon.

Where birds and gorgeous insects flew
Mid tropic flowers of iris hue;
In woods where fragrant myrtles crept
He saw where once the glacier swept;
So nature's history grows clear
When masters of the race draw near.

To king and Indian, child and slave,
What rapture his sweet humor gave!
Oft when some truth, by patient toil,
He found confirmed in rock and soil,
From changing nature turned his gaze
To give the unchanging Maker praise.

Brazil, within thy breast are gems
To glow in future diadems,
But none can equal those he set
In Science' burning coronet;
Upon the world they gleam afar
As brilliant as the evening star.

Fletcher Bates.

Buenos Ayres.

NATIONAL HYMN.

HARK! hear the sounds, the sounds that are swelling,
We are free! we are free! we are free!
Hark! hear you, our fetters are breaking!
On her throne noble Liberty see!
In the sight of the world has arisen
A nation glorious, rejoicing, and free,
Her fair brow with laurels encircled,
The proud lion of Spain at her knee.
Green forever be the laurels
Which our brows encircle high!
We 've won them, we 'll wear them with glory,
Let us swear, when we lose them, to die!"

The breast of each grim-visaged champion
Great Mars with fell rage does inspire;
With fury each brave heart is burning,
And glows with the heaven-kindled fire.

The earth with our firm tramp is shaking,
The Inca is roused in his grave,
For he feels that his children are waking
The proud name of their country to save!

From the mountains the war-cry is rising!
From the cities it echoes afar;
The plains all around are resounding
With "Liberty, vengeance, and war!"
The breast of the proud-hearted tyrants
Foul envy has touched with her gall,
And now, their red banner unfurling,
For battle and slaughter they call.

On Mexico now, and on Quito
The march of the tyrants we see,
Hear the wail of the blood-flowing cities,
Cochabamba, La Paz, Potosí!
See them now upon mourning Caraccas
Bring carnage and weeping and woe!
Now behold them, like tigers devouring
The nations their power has brought low!

On you now, O valiant Argentines,
The invader has come in his pride!
Your plains he is trampling, insulting,
And thinks o'er your glories to ride!
But soon on these bloodthirsty tigers
Our stout-hearted champions shall fall,
And vainly shall they be resisted
Who rallied at Liberty's call.

To arms the true-hearted Argentines
Are rushing with generous zeal;
Through the plains of the South is resounding
The trumpet's awakening peal!
The hosts of the Union are marching,
Buenos Ayres the van does maintain,
And the arms of our champions are tearing
The proud, cruel Lion of Spain!

San José, San Lorenzo, Suipacha,
Both Piedras, Salta, Tucuman,
And the tyrant's sure stronghold, Colonia,
And those in the Band Oriental,
Bear inscriptions eternal that tell us
"The Argentines here conquered their foe,
Here the cruel oppressor was vanquished,
And here his proud head was brought low!"

Now victory, on sun-lighted pinions,
Above us is soaring on high,
And the tyrant's base, cowardly minions
In fear from the battle-field fly!
His banners, his arms, now surrendered,
As Liberty's trophies we own,
And the nation, triumphant in glory,
Is crowding round Liberty's throne!

From pole to pole hear now resounding
The shrill-blowing trumpet of fame,
It tells and repeats to all nations
The sound of America's name!
Now, Liberty's throne in surrounding

Hear it ringing from mountain to sea!
"God save the Argentine Republic!"
"God prosper the land of the free!"
Green forever be the laurels
Which our brows encircle high!
We've won them, we'll wear them with glory,
Let us swear, when we lose them, to die!"

Don Vincente Lopez. Tr. H. Ware.

Colombia (New Granada).

BOLIVAR.

A DIRGE is wailing from the Gulf of storm-vexed Mexico,
To where through Pampas' solitudes, the mighty rivers flow;
The dark Sierras hear the sound, and from each mountain rift,
Where Andes and Cordilleras their awful summits lift,
Where Cotopaxi's fiery eye glares redly upon heaven,
And Chimborazo's shattered peak the upper sky has riven,—
From mount to mount, from wave to wave, a wild and long lament,
A sob that shakes like her earthquakes the startled continent!

A light dies out, a life is sped, — the hero's at whose word
The nations started as from sleep, and girded on the sword,
The victor of a hundred fields where blood was poured like rain,
And Freedom's loosened avalanche hurled down the hosts of Spain,
The eagle soul on Junin's slope who showed his shouting men
A grander sight than Balboa saw from wave-washed Darien,
As from the snows with battle red died out the sinking sun,
And broad and vast beneath him lay a world for freedom won.

How died that victor? In the field with banners o'er him thrown,
With trumpets in his failing ear, by charging squadrons blown,
With scattered foemen flying fast and fearfully before him,
With shouts of triumph swelling round, and brave men bending o'er him?
Not on his fields of victory, nor in his council hall,
The worn and sorrowing leader heard the inevitable call.
Alone he perished in the land he saved from Slavery's ban,
Maligned and doubted and denied, a broken-hearted man!

Now let the New World's banners droop above the fallen chief,
And let the mountaineer's dark eyes be wet with tears of grief! —
For slander's sting, for envy's hiss, for friendship hatred grown,
Can funeral pomp, and tolling bell, and priestly mass atone? —
Better to leave unmourned the dead, than wrong men while they live;
What if the strong man failed or erred, could not his own forgive?
O people freed by him, repent above your hero's bier:
The sole resource of late remorse is now his tomb to rear!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE SWORD OF BOLIVAR.

WITH the steadfast stars above us,
And the molten stars below,
We sailed through the Southern midnight,
By the coast of Mexico.

Alone, on the desolate, dark-ringed,
Rolling and flashing sea,
A grim old Venezuelan
Kept the deck with me,

And talked to me of his country,
And the long Spanish war,

And told how a young Republic
Forged the sword of Bolivar.

Of no base mundane metal
Was the wondrous weapon made,
And in no earth-born fire
Was fashioned the sacred blade.

But that it might shine the symbol
Of law and light in the land,
Dropped down as a star from heaven,
To flame in a hero's hand,

And be to the world a portent
Of eternal might and right,
They chose for the steel a splinter
From a fallen aerolite.

Then a virgin forge they builded
By the city, and kindled it
With flame from a shattered palm-tree,
Which the lightning's torch had lit, —

That no fire of earthly passion
Might taint the holy sword,
And no ancient error tarnish
The falchion of the Lord.

For Quito and New Granada
And Venezuela they pour
From three crucibles the dazzling
White meteoric ore.

In three ingots it is moulded,
And welded into one,
For an emblem of Colombia,
Bright daughter of the sun!

It is drawn on a virgin anvil,
It is heated and hammered and rolled,
It is shaped and tempered and burnished,
And set in a hilt of gold;

For thus by the fire and the hammer
Of war a nation is built,
And ever the sword of its power
Is swayed by a golden hilt.

Then with pomp and oratory
The mustachioed señores brought
To the house of the Liberator
The weapon they had wrought;

And they said, in their stately phrases,
"O mighty in peace and war!
No mortal blade we bring you,
But a flaming meteor.

"The sword of the Spaniard is broken,
And to you in its stead is given,
To lead and redeem a nation,
This ray of light from heaven."

The gaunt-faced Liberator
From their hands the symbol took,

And waved it aloft in the sunlight,
With a high, heroic look;

And he called the saints to witness:
"May these lips turn into dust,
And this right hand fail, if ever
It prove recreant to its trust!

"Never the sigh of a bondman
Shall cloud this gleaming steel,
But only the foe and the traitor
Its vengeful edge shall feel.

"Never a tear of my country
Its purity shall stain,
Till into your hands, who gave it,
I render it again."

* * *

Anonymous.

Corcovado, the Mountain, Brazil.

THE CORCOVADO.

OFT had I visited this splendid Bay,
Or River of January, so miscalled
By the old voyagers, who deemed that here
Some mighty stream, rivalling the Amazon,
Emptied its wealth of waters; oft my fancy
Had soared to the Sublime, scaling the heights
Around me, with all Beauty at its feet:
But I had been content, with bodily foot

Planted upon no loftier pinnacle
Than the ship's deck, to gaze, not undelighted,
Upon this lucid harbor-sheet, embosomed
In its sweet zone of hills, so wild and lovely
That Nature seems, in her most frolic mood,
To have shaped out and richly pranked them forth,
Lavish of light and generous with her green.

Now, more aspiring, I have wearily toiled
Up the steep bed of mountain streams, beside
The gray-mossed aqueduct, through forests dense,
Shut from the wind but open to the sun,
With limbs grown languid and quick-panted breathing;
And I have reached the topmost crag which crowns
The Corcovado: its peculiar peak,
Seen from below, with one precipitous side,
Not all unlike a superincumbent billow
Walled up against the shore in act to break, —
So pausing "on the curl" forevermore.
But here, on its high summit all-commanding,
What view is mine? Alas! a blinding mist
Is all, which, swept from seaward by the breeze,
Foldeth the mountain in its white cloud-fleeces.
There is a heavy sound upon the wind,
Whether from over, under, or around,
A roaring like the noise of many waters,
A roll like thunders long reverberate,
Filling the wide air with sustained pealing.
As did Ixion, in the Grecian fable,
I have stretched forth my hand to clasp a goddess,
Seeking and yearning for the Beautiful

In its divinest essence, — and I meet
The embraces of a cloud; — and angry Jove
Threatens with the loud thunder all the while!

The passing thought fleets with the passing cloud,
Which travels inland, riding on the wind, —
And, lo! the blue Atlantic, breaking white
Upon the white-beached mainland and the islands,
With a long roll and a loud roar, — in chorus
Booming the mighty multitudinous Deep!
All lesser tumult heard not at this height,
I listen to the voice of sovereign Power;
Power, the majestic, the unchainable,
The infinite and eternal Power of God!
Here speaks it ever. — But how solemnly
Is the primeval and enduring Force
Of all things stamped on these insensate cliffs!
There was a time, when, silent as they stand,
Hard now and steadfast, chaos rocked and raged,
And they, with fierce heat liquid, were upheaved
Into these forms fantastic: so convulsed
Was never Ocean in his stormiest hour.
The lapsing ages leave them as they are,
Revealing yet Earth's strong original frame,
But showing, too, how Strength is loved of Beauty,
Whose gentler spirit, like a younger Nature,
Doth, with caressing tendrils clasping it,
Make, as Love ever doth, its object lovely:
Hebe had bound, with rosy-taper fingers,
A chaplet thus on brows of Hercules:
So doth a childish sister love to sport

With a stern elder, dear to her withal:
The very rocks, the great rocks ramparting
The dusk ravines, are, by her summer breath,
Made gay, laughing out into lustrous flowers;
And all the massy tropical foliage
Glows, in her sunlight, of so glad a green
It welcometh the wanderer from the sea
With the warm welcome of a loved one's smile!

With Youth and Morning, from the smoking crater
Of dark Vesuvius, I have seen the sun
Rise diamond-clear upon thy rosy sea,
Thy mountain-islands and romantic shores,
O Naples, beautiful in boyish dreams!
Disparagement seems sacrilege to thee,
And thy domains, divine Parthenope!
Yet may the New World claim fair rivalry,
Her birthright, dowered by the Beautiful,
As here, with such exuberant natural charms
They need no other ornament, and ask
No interest borrowed from the storied past.
What though no monuments nor memories,
No mythic legend and no ethnic verse,
Haunt land and sea, and hallow all the air?
Lo! down this precipice I could drop the plummet
Into a bay surpassing Baia,
By Virgil lined with his Elysian Fields:
There, where its beauty nestles in the mountains,
Gardens are mapped beneath me, dark and rich
With bowers, wherein no Queen of old Romance
Hath woven enchantments and no antique Grace

Breathed sanctity, yet to whose bloomy shades
Dear Nature, visioned like Egeria,
Might come, though universal as the air,
And look into the heart of him who loved her
With a peculiar smile for him alone:
There, in the mountain-shadows glossy green,
Undimpled as the face of quiet thought,
Its waters scarcely crisp enough to mark
Their margin on the silver-sanded shore,
And the ear catches not their cadencing —
Sweet bay of Botofogo! Far away,
Yon Organ Mountains, through whose pipes stupendous,
Shooting up miles into the cloudless ether,
Nature might swell eternal anthem-music
To the beneficent Heaven, — with what superb
Disdain would they o'erlook the Apennines!
Capri and Ischia, — what are they to these
Islands and towery isolations round me,
At once so picturesque and so imposing?
Earth has no equal, glorious as thou art,
Sea of the Siren! to this ocean-flood,
Rolled up among the mountains and the hills;
Sweeping into deep coves with sheltering headlands,
With long curves of white beach and creamy foam;
Its whole broad surface like a shield of silver, —
A noble shield, large as the giant-gods,
Who, climbing Heaven, piled Pelion upon Ossa,
Might have upheld; a glittering shield, embossed
With massive emeralds; such those linkèd hills
And lovely isles seem in their gem-like green.
Upon its bosom the tall thronging ships

Show like a fleet of their own boats at anchor;
And, on its shores, the imperial capital
Of the Brazils is dwarfed so by the distance
It might beseem the court of Liliput,
A populous ant-hill metropolitan:
Yet scarce less spacious the still waters seem
Than when I viewed them from the ship or shore,
Though from this lofty rock o'erlooking them,
O'erlooking with the mountains — my compeers!

Yea, in the exaltation of my thought,
And actual elevation, these huge piles
Of senseless granite look like things of life,
And I am of them — they are my compeers!
I drink in something of the strong delight
Which plumes the eagle, drinking of the morning,
Ere, soaring upward from his rock-built eyrie,
He melts away, a star into the sunlight.
And I can fancy wingèd Mercury,
When, having stolen Jove's sceptre for a time,
He lords it from the top of high Olympus, —
The Universe beneath his feathered heel!

Long shall my sense of ampler being, long
This interfusion with sublimer things
And this perception of diviner power
Than oft are given us, live within my soul!
Long shall this grandeur live upon my eye,
When, with its imagery magnificent,
Its shadows broad and sunbright colorings,
The panorama shall have passed away!

William Gibson.

Gallo, the Island, Ecuador.

CROSSING THE LINE.

PIZARRO'S crimes of perfidy and blood,
So largely due to training, time, and race,
Obscure the brilliance of the hero still;
Yet once, at least, immortally he stood,
Sublime in utterance, sublime in will,
While looking awful Peril in the face.

He calls his men, and at the leader's word,
Their presence answers quick, though sore depressed.
All further ventures would they now resign,
But lo! Pizarro traces with his sword
Along drear Gallo's sand the telling line
From west to east, and thus his band addressed: —

"On that side, comrades, toil and hunger wait,
Battle and death, — for some their lives must lose, —
On this side, truly, safety lies, — but ah!
On that, the glory of a splendid state,
On this but poverty and Panama.
Now, as becomes the brave Castilian, choose!

"As for myself, I go towards the south;
Let who will follow": and he passed that bound
Like Rubicon, enduring, though in sand!
Spurred by the doughty foot and daring mouth.

Then followed thirteen of his little band;
The die was cast, — at length Peru was found!

When powers that serve thee, flag, since foiled so long,
Summon them, soul! Draw what Pizarro drew;
Point to that land of riches, this of lack;
Speak as he spake, then cross the line as strong,
Leaving poor Panama behind thy back,
To find at last the glory of Peru!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Guiana.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

IN 1617.

GUIANA'S opulence of bloom and fruit,
Its clustering pyramids of solid rock,
Its cataracts' might and beauty of cascade,
Its glimpses of sierras meeting heaven,
The wonders of its forests and its streams, —
All these Sir Walter's eyes had looked upon
Full twenty years before. His vivid pen
Had pictured this great kingdom, far and fair,
When in his noon of power; — this is his night.
There wait no more his queen's all-pardoning smiles,
But a dark sentence and a fatal frown,
Since promised gold he cannot win for James;
If aught there be — safe in Spain's iron clutch,

No chance remains of wrenching it away.
The poor discoverer knows, alas! too well
That gold alone can lengthen out the glow
Of life's fast narrowing day, — that gold alone
Can light the hard, cold face of Tyranny;
Yet, lo! gray, worn, and desolate, he turns —
With Disappointment only, and a crew
In whose foiled hearts is room for mutiny, —
With these alone — to launch for England's shore!
The faithful Kemys, whose unswerving love
Had shared the Tower and faced the fearful rack,
Pierced by his master's first word of reproach,
Had pierced himself straightway with blade and ball;
So Raleigh's strongest friend was in the grave;
So, too, his gallant son, just fallen in fight;
Ay, and a third, for Hope is buried now!
The poet in him is not dead perhaps,
Nor lost the dear remembrance of his queen.
The royal water-lilies floating thick
Along the river-banks, may well recall
That other distant day when, homeward bound,
He thought, in passing these, what regal things
To give the regal woman that he served;
Yet, in their beauty, oh! how like they are
To his own youthful love, Elizabeth,
Who waits him now, an anxious, long-tried wife,
Whose full devotion will outlast his breath,
Yea, nine-and-twenty years, till hushed her own!
For her a living love beats at his heart,
But dark foreboding overshadows all,
Nor his, to-day, that signal valorous cheer

So soon to mark his exit from the earth.
If all the alternations of his life
Between his rise to power and fall therefrom
Were noted, — all between the day when first
He bowed his head in homage to the queen,
And that wherein he bowed it on the block, —
What fate in all the "History of the World" —
Unfinished monument of prisoned years,
Unfinished product of his splendid mind —
Could stir the thought to deeper sympathy,
To quicker sense of this world's fickleness,
Or of the great injustice of a king!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Laguayra.

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD FROM LAGUAYRA TO CARACCAS.

AT midnight we (my friends and I),
Beneath a tranquil tropic sky,
Bestrode our mules, and onward rode
Behind the guide, who swiftly strode
Up the dark mountain-side, while we
With mingled jest and repartee,
And jingling spurs, and swords, and bits,
Made trial of our youthful wits.
Ah! we were gay, for we were young,
And care had never on us flung —
But to my tale: the tranquil sky

Was thick o'erlaid with burning stars,
And oft the breeze that murmured by
Brought dreamy tones of soft guitars,
Until we sank in silence deep.
It was a night for thought, not sleep,
It was a night for song and love;
The blazing planets shone above,
The Southern Cross was all ablaze, —
'T is long since it then met my gaze! —
Above us, whispering in the breeze;
Were many strange, gigantic trees,
And in their shadow, deep and dark,
Slept many a pile of mouldering bones;
For tales of murder fell and stark
Are told by monumental stones
Flung by the passer's hand, until
The place grows to a little hill.
Up through the shade we rode, nor spoke,
Till suddenly the morning broke.
Beneath we saw in purple shade
The mighty sea; above displayed
A thousand gorgeous hues which met
In tints that I remember yet,
But which I may not paint, my skill,
Alas! would but depict them ill! —
E'en Claude has never given hints
On canvas of such splendid tints!
The mountains which ere dawn of day
I 'd likened unto friars gray,
Gigantic friars clad in gray,
Now stood like kings wrapped in the fold

Of gorgeous clouds around them rolled,
Their lofty heads all crowned with gold.
And many a painted bird went by,
Strange to my unaccustomed eye,
Its plumage mimicking the sky.
O'er many a league and many a mile —
Crag, pinnacle, and lone defile —
All Nature woke, woke with a smile,
As though the morning's golden gleam
Had broken some enchanting dream,
Yet left its soft impression still
On lofty peak and dancing rill.

James Barron Hope.

Pampas, The.

THE SOVEREIGN OF THE PAMPAS.

MORNING upon the lone and silent Pampas,
Those dewless plains of long and stirless grass
O'erarched by skies unshadowed by a cloud,
And all unbroken in their sea-like calm,
Except where, here and there, a parching palm
Uprears its barren stem, and marks to sight
Some space between the mingling earth and heaven,
Or musky odors of the arid ground
Thicken the air, amid whose torrid heat
Rise vapory columns like the smoke of fires!
Solemn and still those vast savannas reach

Through level solitudes of countless miles,
Unsought by man, and whose untrodden depths
No taint, perchance, have borne of human death!
And thus they seemed upon this fervid morn,
When the hot sun, like a great flaming eye,
Saw motion mid those withering waves of green,
That onward swelled from the horizon's verge,
And stirred to life a myriad hidden things,
That fluttering swarmed from midst the sheltering blades
Before the advancing dust that broke their rest,
As, panting, snorting in their thirsty haste,
A troop of desert horses rushed along,
Trampling the crackling verdure in their race,
Startling the brooding silence of the waste
With insect voices and their own wild tones.
On, on they dash, creating with their speed
And noisy breaths the movement of a wind,
And raining foam on long unwatered soil.
They pause; they wheel; they circle in a group,—
Impatient paw the ground, — take counsel short, —
Break, — toss their flowing manes, — and start again,
In compact throng, towards their unreachèd goal,
Still straining bloodshot eyes in search of streams,
And following one that ever leads the way,
Chief of the horde in speed, in grace, in choice,—
A chestnut mare, with stately, curving neck,
And small, proud head, that on the forehead bore
A snowy star, as though to mark command,
Whose tapering limbs had borne her in the van,
With silky hair and shining coat unflecked.

Sallie Bridges.

Panama (Darien).

THE SHIP CANAL — FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

REND America asunder
And unite the binding sea
That emboldens man and tempers, —
Make the ocean free.

Break the bolt that bars the passage,
That our river richly pours
Western wealth to western nations;
Let that sea be ours, —

Ours by all the hardy whalers,
By the pointing Oregon,
By the west-impelled and working,
Unthralled Saxon son.

Long indeed they have been wooing,
The Pacific and his bride;
Now 't is time for holy wedding, —
Join them by the tide.

Have the snowy surfs not struggled
Many centuries in vain
That their lips might seal the union?
Lock them main to main.

When the mighty God of nature
Made this favored continent,

He allowed it yet unsevered,
That a race be sent,

Able, mindful of his purpose,
Prone to people, to subdue,
And to bind the land with iron,
Or to force them through.

What the prophet-navigator,
Seeking straits to his Catais,
But began, now consummate it—
Make the strait and pass.

Blessed the eyes that shall behold it,
When the pointing boom shall veer,
Leading through the parted Andes,
While the nations cheer!

There at Suez, Europe's mattock
Cuts the briny road with skill,
And must Darien bid defiance
To the pilot still?

Do we breathe this breath of knowledge
Purely to enjoy its zest?
Shall the iron arm of science
Like a sluggard rest?

Up then, at it! earnest people!
Bravely wrought thy scorning blade,

But there's fresher fame in store yet,
Glory for the spade.

What we want is naught in envy,
And for all we pioneer;
Let the keels of every nation
Through the isthmus steer.

Must the globe be always girded
Ere we get to Bramah's priest?
Take the tissues of your Lowells
Westward to the East.

Ye, that vanquish pain and distance,
Ye, enmeshing Time with wire,
Court ye patiently forever
Yon Antarctic ire?

Shall the mariner forever
Double the impending capes,
While his longsome and retracting
Needless course he shapes?

What was daring for our fathers,
To defy those billows fierce,
Is but tame for their descendants;
We are bid to pierce.

Ye that fight with printing armies,
Settle sons on forlorn track,
As the Romans flung their eagles,
But to win them back.

Who, undoubting, worship boldness,
And, if baffled, bolder rise,
Shall we lag when grandeur beckons
To this good enterprise?

Let the vastness not appall us;
Greatness is thy destiny.
Let the doubters not recall us;
Venture suits the free.

Like a seer, I see her throning,
Winland strong in freedom's health,
Warding peace on both the waters,
Widest Commonwealth.

Crowned with wreaths that still grow greener,
Guerdon for untiring pain,
For the wise, the stout, and steadfast:
Rend the land in twain.

Cleave America asunder,
This is worthy work for thee.
Hark! The seas roll up imploring,
"Make the ocean free."

Francis Lieber.

BALBOA.

FROM San Domingo's crowded wharf
Fernandez' vessel bore,
To seek in unknown lands afar
The Indian's golden ore.
And hid among the freighted casks,
Where none might see or know,
Was one of Spain's immortal men,
Three hundred years ago!

But when the fading town and land
Had dropped below the sea,
He met the captain face to face,
And not a fear had he!
"What villain thou?" Fernandez cried,
"And wherefore serve us so?"
"To be thy follower," he replied
Three hundred years ago.

He wore a manly form and face,
A courage firm and bold,
His words fell on his comrades' hearts,
Like precious drops of gold.
They saw not his ambitious soul;
He spoke it not — for lo!
He stood among the common ranks
Three hundred years ago.

But when Fernandez' vessel lay
At golden Darien,

A murmur, born of discontent,
Grew loud among the men:
And with the word there came the act;
And with the sudden blow
They raised Balboa from the ranks,
Three hundred years ago.

And while he took command beneath
The banner of his lord,
A mighty purpose grasped his soul,
As he had grasped the sword.
He saw the mountain's fair blue height
Whence golden waters flow;
Then with his men he scaled the crags,
Three hundred years ago.

He led them up through tangled brakes,
The rivulet's sliding bed,
And through the storm of poisoned darts
From many an ambush shed.
He gained the turret crag — alone —
And wept! to see below,
An ocean, boundless and unknown,
Three hundred years ago.

And while he raised upon that height
The banner of his lord,
The mighty purpose grasped him still,
As still he grasped his sword.
Then down he rushed with all his men,
As headlong rivers flow,

And plunged breast-deep into the sea,
Three hundred years ago.

And while he held above his head
The conquering flag of Spain,
He waved his gleaming sword, and smote
The waters of the main:
For Rome! for Leon! and Castile!
Thrice gave the cleaving blow;
And thus Balboa claimed the sea,
Three hundred years ago.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

ON A HEADLAND IN THE BAY OF PANAMA.

VAGUE mystery hangs on all these desert places!
The fear which hath no name hath wrought a spell!
Strength, courage, wrath, have been, and left no traces!
They came, — and fled; but whither? who can tell?

We know but that they were, — that once (in days
When ocean was a bar 'twixt man and man),
Stout spirits wandered o'er these capes and bays,
And perished, where these river-waters ran.

Methinks they should have built some mighty tomb,
Whose granite might endure the century's rain,
White winter, and the sharp night-winds that boom
Like spirits in their purgatorial pain.

They left, 'tis said, their proud unburied bones
To whiten on this unacknowledged shore;
Yet naught besides the rocks and worn sea-stones
Now answers to the great Pacific's roar!

A mountain stands where Agamemnon died:
And Cheops hath derived eternal fame,
Because he made his tomb a place of pride;
And thus the dead Metella earned a name.

But these, — they vanished as the lightnings die
(Their mischiefs over) in the surging deep;
And no one knoweth underneath the sky,
What heroes perished here, nor where they sleep.

Bryan Waller Procter.

Peru.

THE DAMSEL OF PERU.

WHERE olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew,
There sat beneath the pleasant shade a damsel of Peru.
Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,
Came glimpses of her ivory neck and of her glossy hair;
And sweetly rang her silver voice, within that shady nook,
As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden brook.

'T is a song of love and valor, in the noble Spanish
tongue,
That once upon the sunny plains of old Castile was
sung;
When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout
below,
Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away
the foe.
Awhile that melody is still, and then breaks forth anew
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks
forth,
And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly towards
the north.
Thou look'st in vain, sweet maiden, the sharpest sight
would fail,
To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale;
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely
beat,
And the silent hills and forest-tops seem reeling in the
heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair sad face is gone,
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly
on,
Not as of late, in cheerful tones, but mournfully and
low, —
A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,
Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,
And her who died of sorrow, upon his early grave.

But see, along that mountain's slope, a fiery horseman
ride;
Mark his torn plume, his tarnished belt, the sabre at his
side.
His spurs are buried rowel deep, he rides with loosened
rein,
There 's blood upon his charger's flank and foam upon
the mane,
He speeds him toward the olive-grove, along that shaded
hill, —
God shield the helpless maiden there, if he should mean
her ill!

And suddenly that song has ceased, and suddenly I hear
A shriek sent up amid the shade, a shriek — but not
of fear.
For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak
The overflow of gladness, when words are all too weak:
"I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,
And I am come to dwell beside the olive-grove with thee."

William Cullen Bryant.

Puerto Bello, New Granada.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

AS near Porto Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;

There where Vernon sat all glorious
From the Spaniard's late defeat,
And his crews with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands were seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts besides him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh, heed, our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injured ghost,
You, who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost;
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping,
These were English captains brave:
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
Oh, that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion
To have quelled the pride of Spain;

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonor seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus like thee, proud Spain dismaying
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom.

To have fallen, my country crying
He has played an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves forever mourning,
Shall we roam deprived of rest,
If to Britain's shore returning,
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England shamed in me.

Richard Glover.

Rio Janeiro, Brazil.

RIO JANEIRO.

ROCKS piled on rocks immense, mountains afar,
Their outline bold, drawn on the lofty sky.
Dom Pedro, thou art safe! Thy bulwarks are
Impregnable, Brazilian liberty!
Faction may ruin thee, but foreign war
Can ne'er assail thy strongholds. Live and die
Free, then, Brazilian! See how bounteous Heaven
For thy defence ramparts of rock hath given!

Ye pyramids of Egypt, what are ye
To Nature's pyramids, unnumbered here?
Some stand like watch-towers distant in the sea,
As 't were to signal give of danger near.
Others on land all riven! Perchance they be
Remnants of giant strife full many a year
Forgot. It may be they were rent asunder
By Titans and by antediluvian thunder.

Rocks piled on rocks in wild confusion rise,
Mountains uprear their snow-clad peaks afar,
And on each headland bold, strong batteries
Bespeak the infant Empire ripe for war.
Then the broad bay that, like some Scotch loch, lies
Encircled by steep hills, but lovelier far;
Its thousand isles clothed with rich verdure seem
All beauteous as the landscape of a dream.

John Dunmore Lang.

WEST INDIES.

INTRODUCTORY.

DISCOVERY OF THE ANTILLES.

THE winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore;
Far in the west, arrayed in purple light,
Dawned the new world on his enraptured sight:
Not Adam, loosened from the encumbering earth,
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within and light without he found;
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
He seemed to live and breathe throughout the whole.
So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,
The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty opened on his view.
In that proud moment his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sundered them before,
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

* * *

Where first his drooping sails Columbus furled,
And sweetly rested in another world,
Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
A constellation of elysian isles;
Fair as Orion when he mounts on high,
Sparkling with midnight splendor from the sky:
They bask beneath the sun's meridian rays,
When not a shadow breaks the boundless blaze;
The breath of ocean wanders through their vales
In morning breezes and in evening gales;
Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
Ambrosial fruits and amaranthine flowers;
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
In all the pride of freedom. Nature free
Proclaims that man was born for liberty.
She flourishes where'er the sunbeams play
O'er living fountains, sallying into day;
She withers where the waters cease to roll,
And night and winter stagnate round the pole:
Man, too, where freedom's beams and fountains rise,
Springs from the dust, and blossoms to the skies;
Dead to the joys of light and life, the slave
Clings to the clod; his root is in the grave:
Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair;
Freedom the sun, the sea, the mountains, and the air!

In placid indolence supinely blest,
A feeble race these beauteous isles possessed;
Untamed, untaught, in arts and arms unskilled,
Their patrimonial soil they rudely tilled,

Chased the free rovers of the savage wood,
Insnared the wild-bird, swept the scaly flood;
Sheltered in lowly huts their fragile forms
From burning suns and desolating storms;
Or when the halcyon sported on the breeze,
In light canoes they skimmed the rippling seas;
Their lives in dreams of soothing languor flew,
No parted joys, no future pains, they knew,
The passing moment all their bliss or care;
Such as their sires had been the children were,
From age to age; as waves upon the tide
Of stormless time, they calmly lived and died.

* * *

James Montgomery.

FAREWELL TO THE ANTILLES.

ONE long last look! — the sunset clouds yon lonely
island shade,
And from the high and rolling mast I watch it slowly
fade.
Soon like a dream 't will vanish, — and ah! what dreams
have fled!
What feelings born in olden time are numbered with
the dead!
What hopes have shed their sunshine that nevermore
can be!
Since first that bright and sunny shore rose o'er the
tropic sea.
A thousand thoughts are thronging o'er memory's faded
track,

A thousand voices of the Past still seem to call me back,
Still dreams are clinging round me that now 't were vain to tell —
Farewell, ye green savannas! — ye waving palms, farewell!

Ye humble hearts and willing hands, that served me long, adieu!
And fare thee well, my bonny steed, so trusty and so true.
Farewell the merry moonlight, that once so sweetly played
On those who roved together 'neath the Faurestina's shade!
Farewell, each kind familiar face, — each comrade true and tried!
And thou! — once dearer to my heart than all the world beside!

Henry Howard Brownell.

CARRIBBEANA.

THESE Indian isles, so green and gay,
In summer seas by Nature placed, —
Art hardly told us where they lay
Till tyranny their charms defaced;
Ambition there her conquests made,
And avarice rifled every shade!

The Genius wept, his sons to see
By foreign arms untimely fall,

And some to distant climates flee
Where later ruin met them all:
He saw his sylvan offspring bleed
That fiercer natures might succeed.

The chief that first o'er barren waves
To these fair islands found his way,
Departing, left a race of slaves,
Cortez, thy mandate to obey;
And these again, if fame says true,
To lord it o'er the savage crew.

No more to Indian coasts confined, —
The Genius thus indulged his grief;
While he to woe his heart resigned,
To see the proud European chief
Pursue the harmless Indian race,
Torn by his dogs in every chase!

Ah, what a change! the ambient deep
No longer hears the lover's sigh;
But wretches meet to wail and weep
The loss of their dear liberty;
Unfeeling hearts possess these isles,
Man frowns, and only Nature smiles.

Proud of these vast extended shores
The haughty Spaniard calls his own,
No other world may share those stores
To other worlds so little known;
His Cuba lies a wilderness,
Where slavery digs what slaves possess.

Jamaica's sweet romantic vales
In vain with golden harvests teem,
Her endless spring, her balmy gales,
Did more to me than magic seem;
Yet what the god profusely gave
Is there denied the toiling slave.

Fantastic joy and fond belief
Through life support the galling chain,
Hope's airy prospects banish grief,
And bring his native climes again;
His native groves his heaven display,
The funeral is the joyous day.

For man reduced to such disgrace
In vain from Jove fair virtue fell:
Distress compels him to be base,
He has no motive to excel;
In death alone his prospects end,
The world's worst foe is his best friend.

How great their praise, let truth declare
Who, smit with honor's sacred flame,
Bade freedom to these coasts repair,
Assumed the slave's neglected claim,
And scorning interest's sordid plan
Proved to mankind the rights of man.

Ascending here, may this warm sun,
With freedom's beams divinely clear,
Throughout the world his circuit run
Till these dark prospects disappear,
And a new race, not bought or sold,
Springs from the ashes of the old.

Philip Freneau.

WEST INDIES.

Cuba, the Island.

CUBA.

FAIR land of Cuba! on thy shores are seen
Life's far extremes of noble and of mean,
The world of sense in matchless beauty dressed,
And nameless horrors hid within thy breast.
Ordained of Heaven the fairest flower of earth,
False to thy gifts, and reckless of thy birth!
The tyrant's clamor, and the slave's sad cry,
With the sharp lash in insolent reply, —
Such are the sounds that echo on thy plains,
While virtue faints, and vice unblushing reigns.
Rise, and to power a daring heart oppose!
Confront with death these worse than deathlike woes.
Unfailing valor chains the flying fate;
Who dares to die shall win the conqueror's state.
We, too, can leave a glory and a name
Our children's children shall not blush to claim;
To the far future let us turn our eyes,
And up to God's still unpolluted skies.

Better to bare the breast, and, undismayed,
Meet the sharp vengeance of the hostile blade,
Than on the couch of helpless grief to lie,
And in one death a thousand deaths to die.
Fearest thou blood? Oh, better, in the strife,
From patriot wounds to pour the gushing life,
Than let it creep inglorious through the veins
Benumbed by sin and agony and chains!
What hast thou, Cuban? Life itself resign, —
Thy very grave is insecurely thine!
Thy blood, thy treasure, poured like tropic rain
From tyrant hands to feed the soil of Spain.
If it be truth, that nations still must bear
The crushing yoke, the wasting fetters wear, —
If to the people this be Heaven's decree,
To clasp their shame, nor struggle to be free,
From truth so base my heart indignant turns,
With freedom's frenzy all my spirit burns, —
That rage which ruled the Roman's soul of fire,
And filled thy heart, Columbia's patriot sire!
Cuba! thou still shalt rise, as pure, as bright,
As thy free air, — as full of living light;
Free as the waves that foam around thy strands,
Kissing thy shores, and curling o'er thy sands!

José Maria Heredia. Tr. W. H. Hurlbut.

SEASON OF THE NORTHERS.

THE weary summer's all-consuming heat
Is tempered now; for from the frozen pole
The freed north-winds come fiercely rushing forth,

Wrapt in their mantles, misty, dim, and frore,
While the foul fever flies from Cuba's shore.

Deep roars the ocean, heaving high his breast,
And smites the beach with long resounding blows;
Zephyr his wings in dewy freshness bathes,
And floating vapors veil transparently
The glowing sun and the resplendent sky.

Hail, happy days! whose healing might o'erthrows
The bloody shrine which May, amid her flowers,
Built up to Death, while close beside her stood
Attendant Fever, ghastly pale and fierce,
A gleaming form, clothed on with Nature's curse.

With threatening eyes the kindred spirits saw
The white-browed sons of milder regions move
Beneath the terrors of this tropic sky;
They saw, they touched them with the fatal rod, —
Their frames are dust, their souls are with their God.

But their fell reign is o'er; the northern wind,
Driving the noxious poisons from the air,
Spreads its broad wings above us, moist and cool,
And echoing, sweeps upon its blessed way,
Bringing us rest from August's sultry day.

O'er the far fields of Europe's gloomy land
Rushes in wrath untamed the selfsame blast,
Spoiling the earth of verdure and of life,
Whelming the wreck beneath a snowy tomb,
While man lies shivering in his frozen home.

There all is death and grief; but Cuba now
Smiles with new life and joy: the beaming sun,
His glories softened by translucent clouds,
Lends a new lustre to the grove and plain,
And wakes them all to joyous spring again.

My happy land! thou favored land of God,
Where rest his mildest looks, his kindliest smiles,
Oh, nevermore from thy beloved soil
May cruel fortune tear me; but be thine
The latest light that on these eyes shall shine!

How sweet, dear love, to listen to the rain
That patters softly on our humble home;
To hear the wild winds whistling o'er the plain,
And the deep booming of the ocean's roar,
Where shattering surges lash the distant shore!

Here, by thy side, on softest couch reclined,
My throbbing lyre shall rest upon thy knees,
And my glad heart shall sing the boundless peace
Of thy fair soul, the light of thy dear face,
My happy lot, and God's surpassing grace.

José Maria Heredia. Tr. W. H. Hurlbut.

GAN-EDEN, THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

KNOWEST thou that isle of flowers,
Where the softest breezes blow,
And the Frost-king never spreadeth
O'er the earth his pall of snow?

Where, like gray old marble vases,
Crowned with feathery turfs of green,
Royal palm-trees rise majestic,
With the cocoas in between?

Where the purple-sheathed banana
Mingles with the sugar-cane,
And the fragrant coffee sheddeth
Scarlet berries on the plain?

Where the guava-apple ripens,
And zapotes, rough and brown,
With the mamey and the mango,
Cast their luscious sweetness down?

Where whole fields of ripening anas
With their fragrance load the breeze,
And the golden orange glistens
Mid the blossoms on the trees;

And the ever green pomegranate
Swings its coral flower-bells,
When its ruby grains are bursting
From their russet-colored shells?

'T is the Queen of the Antilles,
Seated on her emerald throne,
Crowned with ever-blooming flowers,
And a beauty all her own.

With a grace that 's truly regal
Sits she in her lofty seat,

Watching o'er her subject islands
In the ocean at her feet.

While its waters, blue as heaven,
Laughing leap upon her breast,
Where all nature ever seemeth
For a happy bridal drest.

Truly is it called Gan-Eden, —
'T is a garden of delight;
But, alas, the serpent's trailing
O'er its beauty casts a blight.

* * *

Mary Bayard Clarke.

ODE ON REVISITING CUBA.

ISLE of eternal spring, thou 'rt desolate
To me; thy limpid seas, thy fragrant shores,
Whither I 've sighed to come
And make a tranquil home,
Have lost to me their charm; my heart deplores,
Vainly, of two it loved, the melancholy doom.

Well may I weep you, gentle souls, that while
On earth responded to the love of mine,
Through eyes of heavenly blue,
More deeply, fondly true,
Haply, than He, who lent his breath divine,
May give again on earth to cheer me with their smile.

My George, if thou hadst faults, they only were
That thou wert gifted ill for this poor sphere

Where first he faints who spares
Earth's selfish, sordid cares;
And what might faults to baser eyes appear,
When ta'en where angels dwell, must be bright virtues there.

Men toil, betray, nay, even kill, for gold;
But had some wretch pressed by misfortune sore
Asked thy last piece of thee
To ease his misery,
When thou couldst only look to Heaven for more,
That last piece had been given, and thine own safety sold.

Oft when the noisome streams of pestilence
Poisoned the air around thee, hast thou stayed
By friends, while thirsty Death
Lurked near, to quaff their breath;
And soothed and saved while others were afraid,
And hardier hearts and hands than thine rushed wildly thence.

Oh, could I find thee in some palm-leaf cot,
Still for this earth, with thy sweet brothers too,
Though scarce our worldly hoard
Sufficed a frugal board,
Hope should beguile no more: I'd live for you,
Disclaim all other love — and sing, and bless my lot.

* * *

How could I kneel and kiss the hand of Fate,
Were it but mine to decorate some hall —

Here, where the soil I tread
Colors my feet with red —
Far down these isles, to hear your voices call,
Then haste to hear and tell what happed while separate!

Beautiful isles! beneath the sunset skies
Tall silver shafted palm-trees rise between
Full orange-trees that shade
The living colonnade;
Alas! how sad, how sickening, is the scene
That were ye at my side would be a paradise!

E'en one of those cool caves which, light and dry,
In many a leafy hillside, near this spot,
Seem as by Nature made
For shelter and for shade
To such as bear a homeless wanderer's lot,
Were home enough for me, could those I mourn be nigh.

Palace or cave (where 'neath the blossom and lime
Winter lies hid with wreaths) alike may be,
If love and taste unite,
A dwelling for delight,
And kings might leave their silken courts to see
O'er such wild, garnished grot the grandiflora climb.

Thus, thus, doth quick-eyed Fancy fondly wait
The pauses of my deep remorse between;
Before my anxious eyes
'T is thus her pictures rise;
They show what is not, yet what might have been;
Angels, why came I not? — why have I come too late?

The cooling beverage — strengthening draught — as craved
The needs of both, could but these hands have given;
Could I have watched the glow —
The pulse, too quick, or slow —
My earnest, fond, reiterate prayers to Heaven,
Some angel might have come, besought, returned, and saved.

To stay was imbecility — nay, more —
'T was crime — how yearned my panting heart to see,
When, by mere words delayed,
'Gainst the strong wish, I stayed
(Trifling with that which inly spoke to me),
And longed, and hoped, and feared, till all I feared was o'er!

Mild, pitying George, when maple leaves were red
O'er Ladaüanna, in his much-loved north,
Breathed here his last farewell —
And when the tears that fell
From April, called Mohecan's violets forth,
Edgar, as following his, thy friendly spirit fled.

Now, side by side, 'neath cross and tablet white
Is laid, sweet brothers, all of you that 's left;
Yet, all the tropic dew
Can damp would seem not you:
Your finer particles from earth are reft,
Haply (and so I 'll hope) for lovelier forms of light.

* * *

Maria Brooks.

FAREWELL TO CUBA.

ADIEU, fair isle! I love thy bowers,
I love thy dark-eyed daughters there,
The cool pomegranate's scarlet flowers
Look brighter in their jetty hair.

They praised my forehead's stainless white!
And when I thirsted, gave a draught
From the full clustering cocoa's height,
And smiling, blessed me as I quaffed.

Well pleased, the kind return I gave,
And clasped in their embraces' twine,
Felt the soft breeze, like Lethe's wave,
Becalm this beating heart of mine.

Why will my heart so wildly beat?
Say, seraphs, is my lot too blest,
That thus a fitful, feverish heat
Must rifle me of health and rest?

Alas! I fear my native snows —
A clime too cold, a heart too warm —
Alternate chills, alternate glows —
Too fiercely threat my flower-like form.

The orange-tree has fruit and flowers;
The grenadilla, in its bloom,
Hangs o'er its high, luxuriant bowers,
Like fringes from a Tyrian loom.

When the white coffee blossoms swell,
The fair moon full, the evening long,
I love to hear the warbling bell,
And sunburnt peasant's wayward song.

Drive gently on, dark muleteer,
And the light seguidilla frame;
Fain would I listen still to hear
At every close thy mistress' name.

Adieu, fair isle! the waving palm
Is pencilled on thy purest sky;
Warm sleeps the bay, the air is balm,
And, soothed to languor, scarce a sigh

Escapes for those I love so well,
For those I've loved and left so long;
On me their fondest musings dwell,
To them alone my sighs belong.

On, on, my bark! blow, southern breeze,
No longer would I lingering stay;
'T were better far to die with these
Than live in pleasure far away.

Maria Brooks.

DR. KANE IN CUBA.

A NOBLE life is in thy care,
A sacred trust to thee is given;
Bright Island! let thy healing air
Be to him as the breath of Heaven.

The marvel of his daring life —
The self-forgetting leader bold;
Stirs, like the trumpet's call to strife,
A million hearts of meaner mould.

Eyes that shall never meet his own
Look dim with tears across the sea,
Where from the dark and icy zone,
Sweet Isle of Flowers! he comes to thee.

Fold him in rest, O pitying clime!
Give back his wasted strength again;
Soothe, with thy endless summer time,
His winter-wearied heart and brain.

Sing soft and low, thou tropic bird,
From out the fragrant, flowery tree, —
The ear that hears thee now has heard
The ice-break of the winter sea.

Through his long watch of awful night,
He saw the Bear in Northern skies;
Now, to the Southern Cross of light
He lifts in hope his weary eyes.

Prayers from the hearts that watched in fear,
When the dark North no answer gave,
Rise, trembling, to the Father's ear,
That still His love may help and save.

Elizabeth H. Whittier.

CUBA.

WHAT sounds arouse me from my slumbers light?
"Land ho! all hands, ahoy!" —I 'm on the deck:
'T is early dawn: the day-star yet is bright;
A few white vapory bars the zenith fleck;
And lo! along the horizon, bold and high,
The purple hills of Cuba! Hail, all hail!
Isle of undying verdure, with thy sky
Of purest azure! Welcome, odorous gale!
O scene of life and joy! thou art arrayed
In hues of unimagined loveliness.
Sing louder, brave old mariner! and aid
My swelling heart its rapture to express;
For, from enchanted memory, nevermore
Shall fade this dawn sublime, this fair, resplendent shore.

Epes Sargent.

CUBA.

CUBA seems
The later western Eden of our planet.
What wafted incense from the gate of dreams,
What heavenly zephyrs hover o'er and fan it!
With groves of orange, mango, and pomegranate,
And flowering forests through whose wealth of blooms,
Like living fires, dart birds of gorgeous plumes.

There by still bays the tall flamingo stands;
The sunrise flame of whose reflected form

Crimsons the glassy wave and glistening sands.
There, large and luminous, throughout the warm,
Soft summer eves myriads of fireflies swarm;
Like the bright spirits of departed flowers
Nightly revisiting their native bowers.

Its own rich, varying world the isle enfolds;
Where glowing Nature seems most prodigal
Of life and beauty; where the eye beholds
Orchards that blossom while their ripe fruits fall;
Mountains, refulgent vales; and, curved round all,
From some palm-crested summit seen afar,
The gleaming ocean's steel-bright scimitar.

* * *

John Townsend Trowbridge.

Havana, Cuba.

THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

AN old cathedral, with its columned aisle,
And shrines, and pictured saints! The sun yet lingered
On Cuzco's mountains, and the fragrant breath
Of unknown tropic flowers came o'er my path,
Wafted — how pleasantly! for I had been
Long on the seas, and their salt waveless glare
Had made green fields a longing. At the port
I left our bark, with her tired mariners;
And wandered on, amid gay-colored dwellings,

Through the great square, and through the narrow
streets,
Till this old fane, inviting, stayed my steps.

While all alone, in the religious silence
And pensive spirit of the place, I stood
By the High Altar, — near it, on the wall,
A tablet of plain marble met my view,
Modestly wrought, — whereon an effigy,
And a few simple words in a strange tongue,
Telling "Here lies Columbus." And that niche, —
That narrow space held all now left of him
For whom the ancient world was once too little!

But where were they, — the fetters that had bound
Those patient, manly limbs? the gift of Spain
To him who gave a world? (in the king's name
'T was written thus,) — he kept them to the last,
And charged they should lie with him in the grave.

No loftier tomb? methought he should have lain
Enshrined in some vast pile, some gorgeous dome,
Reared by Castile to him who made her name
Great in the nations. But he needs them not.

And haply, it is meeter thus for him
To rest surrounded by his own high deeds, —
Like the great builder laid beneath the temple
He reared. "If thou wouldst view his monument,
Look round thee." No severe majestic column, —
No mountain-piled, eternal pyramid, —

Such as a world might raise to its discoverer,
Marks his repose. But the keel-crowded port,
And the green island, and the waving palms,
And the deep murmur of a peopled city,
And the great ocean whitened with new sails,
And the wide continent stretching beyond, —
All, in a voice more eloquent than words, —
Inscription, — told of him that lived and died.

And mine own being — Haply, but for thee
(If, in the tangled chain of crossed events
We shudder now to dwell upon, this soul
Had 'scaped the fatal blank of non-existence),
Even now, I might have slaved in some old sea-port,
Bowed to the oar, — or delved in Hunnish mines,
A serf, — or toiled a reaper in the fields
Of "merry England," — none too merry now!

How quiet and how peaceful seemed his rest
From his long labors! — all was calm repose.
Within, such holy stillness, — but, alas!
Without, (sole stain on that great honored name,)
A dismal sound of fetters! the chain-gang
Passing just then, with its accursed clank.

Long by that simple tomb I lingered, — long
Gazed with an awe more reverent than the pile
Heaped over king or kaiser could inspire.
On those calm, resolute features ye might read,
As in a book, his strange, eventful story.
There was the faith; the long-enduring hope,
More than Ulyssean; the courage high, —

That fought the infidel, — and with stout heart,
Clung to the shattered oar, which bore a greater
Than Cæsar and his fortunes, — and when all
Cried out "We sail to Death!" held firmly on
Through storm and sunshine. In those furrowed lines,
As on some faithful chart, might still be traced
The weary voyaging of many years:
That restless spirit pent in narrow limits,
Yet ever looking with unquiet eye,
Beyond old landmarks, — with unwearied soul,
Still searching, prying into the unknown,
And hoarding richer sea-lore, — till at last,
Possessed and haunted of one grand belief, —
One mighty thought no wretchedness could lay.

The weary interval, — eighteen long years,
Wandering from court to court, — his wondrous tale
Lost in half-heeding, dull, incredulous ears.
The patient toil, — the honorable want,
Endured so nobly, — in his threadbare coat,
Mocked by the rabble, — the half-uttered jeer, —
And the pert finger tapping on the head.
May Heaven accord us patience! as to him.

And now, a wayworn traveller, where, Rabida!
Thy lonely convent overlooks the sea
(Soon to be furrowed by ten thousand keels),
He waits, preferring no immodest suit, —
A little bread and water for his boy,
O'ertasked with travel? then the welcome in,
And the good friar, — saints receive his soul!

And now (the audience gained) at Salamanca,
Before them all, a simple mariner,
He stands, unawed by the solemnity
Of gowns and caps, — with courteous, grave demeanor,
And in plain words unfolds his noble purpose.

Embarked, and on the seas, — at last! at last!
The toil of a long life, — a deathless name, —
The undetermined fates of all to come, —
Staked on his prow, — it is no little thing
Will turn aside that soul, long resolute
(Though every heart grow faint, and every tongue
Murmur in mutiny) to hold its course,
Onward, still onward, through the pathless void,
The lone untravelled wilderness of waves, —
Onward! still onward! we shall find it yet!

And next (O sad and shameful sight!) exposed
On the high deck of a returning bark,
(Returning from that land so lately found!)
A spectacle! those aged, honored limbs,
Gyved like a felon's, while the hooting crowd
Sent curses in her wake. But when arrived,
Again exalted, favored of the crown,
And courted by the noblest, — who forgets,
With his gray hairs uncovered, how he knelt
Before his royal mistress (that great heart,
Nor insult, nor disgrace, nor chains could move,
O'ercome with kindness), weeping like a child?

Lastly, his most resigned and Christian end;
When, now aware of the last hour approaching,

He laid the world, so long pursued, aside;
Forgave his foes, and setting decently
His house in order, with his latest breath
Commended that great soul to Him who gave it,
Who seldom hath received or given a greater.

Thus loitering in the many-peopled past,
And haunted by old thoughts, the twilight shadows
O'ertook me, still beside the sepulchre
Reclined in pleasant gloom, and loath to leave.
Anon a train of dark-stoled priests swept in,
And chanted forth old hymns. Was it profane
To deem their holy strain a requiem
O'er him, whose mighty ashes lay enshrined
So near his Maker? but for whom, perchance,
The sound of anthem and of chant sublime,
And old Te Deum's solemn majesty,
Had never echoed in the Western World.

Along each vaulted aisle the sacred tones
Floated, and swelled, and sank, and died away.
So all departed, — and among the rest,
That spell upon my soul yet lingering,
I went my way, — and, passing to our ship,
Culled a few flowers, yet springing on the spot,
Where, wearied with long travail o'er the deep,
He landed (so they tell), and said the mass,
Beneath a tall and goodly Ceiba-tree.
But that is gone, — and all will soon be gone.

Henry Howard Brownell.

EL PASEO.

CLOUDLESSLY burning in sapphire aloft,
Eve touches the grove with an orange light,
And a sea-born zephyr, whispering soft
To me as I stroll in the shade to-night,
Balmily wooing me, kissing my cheeks
With a moist and perfumed breath so dear,
Of billow and blossom deliciously speaks,
For with both it hath dallied in journeying here.

And, leisurely sauntering to and fro
In a magical day-dream all my own,
I gaze at the beautiful dames that go
In their open volantes up and down;
Bewitchingly floating, by threes and by twos,
In their gauzy cloudlets of silk and of lace,
That seem to have robbed the sky of its hues,
And seem to have robbed the swan of his grace;

Bright rosy-lipped creatures with opaline smiles,
That slowly in ripples of light expire,
Or wanton with arch and womanish wiles,
Or flit with a faint and delicate fire;
With their tresses more dusk than the raven's plume,
Wavily parting and flowing from cheeks
Aglow with the ripe and luxuriant bloom
In which their tropical nature speaks.

In a gaudy procession they pass and return,
Voluptuous beauties in manner and mould,
With their black Spanish eyes that languish and burn,

Now temptingly tender now tauntingly bold;
Or, borne in an indolent semi-repose,
Beguiled by the sensuous charm of the hour,
Go dreamily on, as the white swan goes
O'er waters that wander by hamlet and bower.

And, lazily loitering here and there,
Under the shadow of murmuring limes,
Puffing a redolent smoke in the air,
Lulled by the peal of the vesper chimes,
By the fountain's trill, by the ocean's roll,
By the languor and calm of the eventide, —
To all its sweet ravishment yielding the soul,
There lounges many a group by my side;

Till the lingering glory wavers and wanes
From shadowy slope and from glimmering height
And the tall royal palm alone retains
In the sheaf of its leaves a roseate light,
Till the marvellous night steals into the skies,
And white in the moon lie the land and the sea,
And the women are gone with their beautiful eyes,
And the luminous stars are blinking o'er me.

And lonely musing under the limes,
The wandering breeze, like a friend at my ear,
Doth hum an old music that hints of old times,
Old faces, old friends, and old memories dear;
And my vision is blurred, and my heart is afar
In the land that it loves where the snow still lies,
In the home that it loves with a lady rare,
And blest in the light of her soft northern eyes.

Thomas Durfee.

FAREWELL TO HAVANA.

MY sight is blank, my heart is lorn;
My tropic trance of joy I mourn, —
That stolen summer of delight,
Dreamed on the breast of wintry night,
When sad, true souls abide the North,
And we, love-truants, issued forth
To find, with steady sail unfurled,
The glowing centre of the world.

The glorious sights went fleeting by;
I had no hold on earth or sky:
Two little hands, one helpless heart,
Could claim and keep so small a part.
A shadow of the stately palm;
A burnish of the noontide calm;
A dream of faces new and strange,
Darkened and lit with sudden change;
A joy of flowers unearthly fair
In giant Nature's tangled hair;
A joy of fruits of other hue
And savor than my childhood knew;
A sorrow, as the vista grew,
Longer and lesser, cherished too;
A pang of parting, heart-bereft
Of all I had, — is all I 've left.

Towards the rude heights where Winter reigns,
What love-nursed thought shall shield my breast
Warmer than cloak or sable vest?

One hope serene all comfort brings, —
Who made thy bonds did lend thy wings;
Who sends thee from this faery reign
Once brought thee here, and may again.

Julia Ward Howe.

Jamaica, the Island.

PORT ROYAL.

Old Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica, contained more than fifteen hundred buildings, and these for the most part large and elegant. This unfortunate town was for a long time reckoned the most considerable mart of trade in the West Indies. It was destroyed on the 17th of June, 1602, by an earthquake, which in two minutes sunk the far greater part of the buildings; by which disaster nearly three thousand people lost their lives.

HERE, by the margin of the murmuring main,
While her proud remnants I explore in vain,
And lonely stray through these dejected lands
Fanned by the noontide breeze on burning sands,
Where the dull Spaniard once possessed these shades,
And ports defended by his palisades, —
Though lost to us, Port Royal claims a sigh,
Nor shall the Muse the unenvied verse deny.
Of all the towns that graced Jamaica's isle,
This was her glory, and the proudest pile,
Where toils on toils bade wealth's gay structures rise,
And commerce swelled her glory to the skies;
St. Jago, seated on a distant plain,

Ne'er saw the tall ship entering from the main,
Unnoticed streams her Cobra's margin lave,
Where yond' tall plantains shade her glowing wave,
And burning sands or rock-surrounded hill
Confess its founder's fears, or want of skill.

While o'er these wastes with wearied step I go,
Past scenes of death return, in all their woe,
O'er these sad shores in angry pomp he passed,
Moved in the winds, and raged with every blast.
Here opening gulfs confessed the Almighty Hand,
Here the dark ocean rolled across the land,
Here piles on piles an instant tore away,
Here crowds on crowds in mingled ruin lay,
Whom fate scarce gave to end their noonday feast,
Or time to call the sexton or the priest.
Where yond' tall barque, with all her ponderous load,
Commits her anchor to its dark abode,
Eight fathoms down, where unseen waters flow
To quench the sulphur of the caves below,
There midnight sounds torment the sailor's ear,
And drums and fifes play drowsy concerts there,
Sad songs of woe prevent the hours of sleep,
And Fancy aids the fiddlers of the deep;
Dull Superstition hears the ghostly hum,
Smit with the terrors of the world to come.

What now is left of all your boasted pride!
Lost are those glories that were spread so wide.
A spit of sand is thine, by Heaven's decree,
And wasting shores that scarce resist the sea:
Is this Port Royal on Jamaica's coast,
The Spaniard's envy and the Britain's boast!

A shattered roof o'er every hut appears,
And mouldering brick-work prompts the traveller's fears;
A church, with half a priest, I grieve to see,
Grass round its door, and rust upon its key!—
One only inn with tiresome search I found,
Where one sad negro dealt his beverage round.

Philip Freneau.

Matanzas, Cuba.

THE SEA-BREEZE AT MATANZAS.

AFTER a night of languor without rest,—
Striving to sleep, yet wishing morn might come
By the pent, scorching atmosphere oppressed,
Impatient of the vile mosquito's hum,—
With what reviving freshness from the sea,
Its airy plumage glittering with the spray,
Comes the strong day-breeze, rushing joyously
Into the bright arms of the encircling bay!
It tempers the keen ardor of the sun;
The drooping frame with life renewed it fills;
It lashes the green waters as they run;
It sways the graceful palm-tree on the hills;
It breathes of ocean solitudes, and caves,
Luminous, vast, and cool, far down beneath the waves.

Epes Sargent.

Saint Christopher, the Island.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

SUCH, green Saint Christopher, thy happy soil! —
Not Grecian Tempe, where Arcadian Pan,
Knit with the Graces, tuned his sylvan pipe,
While mute Attention hushed each charmèd rill;
Not purple Enna, whose irriguous lap,
Strewed with each fruit of taste, each flower of smell,
Sicilian Proserpine, delighted, sought,
Can vie, blest isle, with thee. Though no soft sound
Of pastoral stop thine echoes e'er awaked;
Nor raptured poet, lost in holy trance,
Thy streams arrested with enchanting song:
Yet virgins, far more beautiful than she
Whom Pluto ravished, and more chaste, are thine:
Yet probity, from principle, not fear,
Actuates thy sons, bold, hospitable, free;
Yet a fertility, unknown of old,
To other climes denied, adorns thy hills;
Thy vales, thy dells adorns.

James Grainger.

San Salvador, the Island.

SAN SALVADOR.

IT was a land unmarred by art,
To please the eye and cheer the heart:
The natives' simple huts were seen
Peeping their palmy groves between, —
Groves, where each dome of sweepy leaves
In air of morning gently heaves,
And, as the deep vans fall and rise,
Changes its richly verdant dyes;
A land whose simple sons till now
Had scarcely seen a careful brow;
They spent at will each passing day
In lightsome toil or active play.
Some their light canoes were guiding,
Along the shore's sweet margin gliding.
Some in the sunny sea were swimming,
The bright waves o'er their dark forms gleaming;
Some on the beach for shell-fish stooping,
Or on the smooth sand gayly trooping;
Or in linked circles featly dancing
With golden braid and bracelet glancing.
By sheltered door were infants creeping,
Or on the shaded herbage sleeping;
Gay feathered birds the air were winging,
And parrots on their high perch swinging,
While humming-birds, like sparks of light,
Twinkled and vanished from the sight.

Joanna Baillie.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

LONG on the deep the mists of morning lay,
Then rose, revealing, as they rolled away,
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods;
And say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept as at the gates of heaven,
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And, on our faces, blessed the wondrous Man, —
Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies?
"Glory to God!" unnumbered voices sung,
"Glory to God!" the vales and mountains rung,
Voices that hailed Creation's primal morn,
And to the shepherds sung a Saviour born.

Slowly, bare-headed, through the surf we bore
The sacred cross, and, kneeling, kissed the shore.
But what a scene was there? Nymphs of romance,
Youths graceful as the Faun, with eager glance,
Spring from the glades and down the alleys peep,
Then headlong rush, bounding from steep to steep,
And clap their hands, exclaiming as they run,
"Come and behold the Children of the Sun!"
When, hark! a signal-shot! The voice, it came
Over the sea in darkness and in flame!
They saw, they heard; and up the highest hill,
As in a picture, all at once were still!
Creatures so fair, in garments strangely wrought,
From citadels, with Heaven's own thunder fraught,

Checked their light footsteps,—statue-like they stood,
As worshipped forms, the Genii of the Wood!
At length the spell dissolves! The warrior's lance
Rings on the tortoise with wild dissonance!
And see, the regal plumes, the couch of state!
Still, where it moves, the wise in council wait!
See now borne forth the monstrous mask of gold,
And ebon chair of many a serpent-fold;
These now exchanged for gifts that thrice surpass
The wondrous ring, and lamp, and horse of brass.
What long-drawn tube transports the gazer home,
Kindling with stars at noon the ethereal dome?
'T is here: and here circles of solid light
Charm with another self the cheated sight;
As man to man, another self disclose,
That now with terror starts, with triumph glows!

* * *

Soon from the bay the mingling crowd ascends,
Kindred first met! by sacred instinct friends!
Through citron groves, and fields of yellow maize,
Through plantain-walks where not a sunbeam plays.
Here blue savannas fade into the sky,
There forests frown in midnight majesty;
Ceiba, and Indian fig, and plane sublime,
Nature's first-born, and reverenced by Time!
There sits the bird that speaks! there, quivering, rise,
Wings that reflect the glow of evening skies!
Half bird, half fly, the fairy king of flowers
Reigns there, and revels through the fragrant hours;
Gem full of life, and joy, and song divine,
Soon in the virgin's graceful ear to shine.

'T was he that sung, if ancient fame speaks truth,
"Come! follow, follow to the Fount of Youth!
I quaff the ambrosial mists that round it rise,
Dissolved and lost in dreams of Paradise!
For there called forth, to bless a happier hour,
It met the sun in many a rainbow-shower!
Murmuring delight, its living waters rolled
Mid branching palms and amaranths of gold!"

Samuel Rogers.

Santa Cruz.

SANTA CRUZ.

BETWIXT old Cancer and the midway line,
In happiest climate lies this envied isle:
Trees bloom throughout the year, soft breezes blow,
And fragrant Flora wears a lasting smile.

Cool, woodland streams from shaded cliffs descend,
The dripping rock no want of moisture knows,
Supplied by springs that on the skies depend,
That fountain feeding as the current flows.

* * *

Sweet verdant isle, through thy dark woods I rove,
And learn the nature of each native tree,
The fustic hard, the poisonous manchineel
Which for its fragrant apple pleaseth thee,

Alluring to the smell, fair to the eye,
But deadliest poison in the taste is found—

Oh, shun the dangerous tree, nor touch, like Eve,
This interdicted fruit, in Eden's ground.

The lowly mangrove, fond of watery soil,
The white-barked gregory, rising high in air,
The mastic in the woods you may descry;
Tamarind, and lofty bay-trees flourish there.

Sweet orange groves in lonely valleys rise
And drop their fruits, unnoticed and unknown,
The cooling acid limes in hedges grow,
The juicy lemons swell in shades their own.

Soft, spongy plums on trees wide-spreading hang,
Bell-apples here, suspended, shade the ground,
Plump grenadilloes, and guavas gray,
With melons, in each plain and vale abound.

The conic-formed cashew, of juicy kind,
That bears at once an apple and a nut;
Whose poisonous coat, indignant to the lip,
Doth in its cell a wholesome kernel shut.

The prince of fruits, which some jayama call,
Anana some, the happy flavored pine,
In which unite the tastes and juices all
Of apple, quince, peach, grape, and nectarine,

Grows to perfection here, and spreads his crest,
His diadem towards the parent sun;
His diadem, in fiery blossoms drest,
Stands armed with swords, from potent Nature won.

* * *

But chief the glory of these Indian isles
Springs from the sweet, uncloying sugar-cane:
Hence comes the planter's wealth, hence commerce sends
Such floating piles, to traverse half the main.

Whoe'er thou art that leav'st thy native shore
And shalt to fair West India climates come,
Taste not the enchanting plant, — to taste forbear,
If ever thou wouldst reach thy much-loved home.

Ne'er through the Isle permit thy feet to rove,
Or, if thou dost, let prudence lead the way,
Forbear to taste the virtues of the cane,
Forbear to taste what will complete thy stay.

Whoever sips of this enchanting juice,
Delicious nectar, fit for Jove's own hall,
Returns no more from his loved Santa Cruz,
But quits his friends, his country, and his all.

* * *

Philip Freneau.

SANTA CRUZ.

SWEEP down to the sea, O ye silent hills,
Forever green and bright,
With palms on your breasts like heavenly hosts,
Clothed in your robes of light!

Sweep up to the shore, O malachite waves,
Rippling, tinted, and deep!

On ocean and hills, O tropical sun,
In glowing splendor sleep!

Ah! so far away is the shining sand
Where low, white breakers curl,
Where lovely and still lies the quiet isle,
Like emerald set in pearl!

Ah! so far away; yet here in my heart,
As on that Southern Sea,
This beautiful isle rests soft and real, —
Canaan of memory!

The waters may roll o'er measureless miles;
The land lie long between
That isle and this self over whom gray skies
Of Northern winter lean;

But the spirit is free and knows not space;
Dreams draw the distant near;
I soar o'er that sea, I roam on those hills,
And see their glory here!

Sarah Bridges Stebbins.

THE OUTLOOK FROM SANTA CRUZ.

THE ships are anchored in the bay,
The weary ships with haven won;
Encompassed by the purple waves
Beneath the brilliant tropic sun!
At last upon the summer sea,
Untossed, at rest, they quiet lie;

In idle ease, scarce darkened o'er
By fleecy clouds in azure sky!

Far off upon the horizon's verge
A white-sailed sloop speeds far from sight,
Like some glad bird whose outspread wings
Cleave straight into the realms of light!
It leaves behind the fair, green isle,
The waters rosy on the reef,
To seek a shore, o'er ocean gray,
Where Winter withers bud and leaf!

Like those moored vessels, worn with storms,
Now sheltered safe in harbor calm,
We too repose through glowing days
Beneath the shadow of the palm!
But ah! our thoughts are like the bark
That sweeps across the sounding main!
Love wafted from bright, softer clime
To our own land of cold and rain!

Sarah Bridges Stebbins.

THE HILLS OF SANTA CRUZ.

SOLEMN and still beneath the deep blue sky
The island hills in billowy calm repose,
And all the splendor of the day and night
In quiet floods adown their surface flows.

Morn breaks across them 'twixt the waiting clouds,
As in the Temple, through the cherub wings

The glory of the Lord burst o'er the ark,
To his High Priest revealing sacred things.

Noon languid dreams upon the russet cones,
Spreading o'er verdant slopes her golden veil;
And hears the music of dell-hidden rills,
As through a sleep steal tones of lulling tale.

The sunset canopies with wreaths of flame
And rose-fringed floating fleece each curving height,
As shadows dark into the hollows fall,
While still the summits soar in glowing light.

The sable curtain of the sombre night
With awful blackness screens their stately heads,
Save when prismatic star-rays rend the gloom,
Or tropic moon a silver radiance sheds.

At every season they are grand and fair;
Storms leave no change upon their graceful steeps;
The majesty of silence crowns their brows,
The holiness of peace upon them sleeps.

For Nature's adoration is in hills, —
Her mighty arms forever raised in prayer!
Earth's very soul seems breathing from their lines,
And man is nearer God and Heaven there!

Sarah Bridges Stebbins.

Trinidad, the Island.

PORT-OF-SPAIN.

WHERE down the purple slope that slants
Across the hills, the sun-rays glance
With hot stare through the cocoa-trees,
And wine-palms tent beside the seas,
To Port-of-Spain, long leagues away,
Just as the mellow mist of day
Was glowing in the east, there came
A wayworn man, whose feeble frame
And weary step and silent tears
Meant more of sorrow than of years.
But when he saw the seaport town,
With houses bamboo-thatched and brown,
And marked each winding lane and street,
Cool-shaded from the tropic heat,
He bent him prone upon the ground
For this, — that he at last had found
What brought a worn heart hope of rest.

* * *

The night was hot, and faint, and still, —
The moon, above the wooded hill,
A line of silver lances pressed
Across the sea-waves to the west.
The bell-bird, with metallic throat,
Sounded a dull and doleful note,
And in the distant depths of wood

The bittern broke the solitude.
But, save the sound of sea and bird,
Scarce anything the silence stirred.

Latham Cornell Strong.

Yumuri, the Valley, Cuba.

THE VALLEY OF THE YUMURI.

I.

WHEN the dull gray mists of the morning
Hung over the land and sea,
We rode to the heights o'erlooking
The Vale of the Yumuri:
Thither we rode, and waited
Till the sun, like an Angel of Light,
Touched with transfiguring glory
The vaporous ghost of night.
While over the sea behind us
The clouds yet darkly lie,
They are silvery on the hillsides,
They are crimsoned up in the sky;
And with noiseless smoke-surf drifting
And breaking on palmy knolls,
With its great drop-curtain lifting,
The tropical scene outrolls!
In the lap of the verdant mountains,
In many a mural chain,
Here ripens the golden orange,

Here sweetens the sugar-cane;
Not fairer the Happy Valley
Of the Abyssinian tale,
And the giant Pan of Matanzas
Is monarch of the vale.
With glistening eyes, as of childhood,
O'er the summer hills I glance,
With eyes that the unfamiliar
Enchants with the hues of romance.
Oh, I stood there, as youth stands ever,
With the morning light on the earth,
Yet near the veiled ocean, shadowing
The mystery of birth.

II.

We rode through the valley at evening:
A golden sunset burned,
And against it the piny summits
Were black, as we returned;
The mountain shadows lengthened,
The sun went down behind,
And in streamers of rosy color
Grew the twilight arch defined.
With luminous interspaces
Of that glory in the west,
The feathering palm-trees tapered
Up from each hillock's crest,
Than columns of human temples
More tall and graceful far;
Their broad leaves faintly silvered
By the rays of the evening star.

It was beautiful as a vision!
But we passed a gap in the hills,
By a river,—and lo! the ocean
The vast horizon fills!
No more as it was at morning,
Wrapped in a misty cloud,
It stretched to the north in its grandeur,
With the gathering night its shroud;
And I thought of the valley's legend,
Of the chief in battle slain,
Whose soul went forth as thy winds go,
Thou melancholy main!
Oh, often in pleasant places
Our lines of life may be,
But Joy casts a shadow,—and round us
Forever flows the sea!

William Gibson.

THE END.

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